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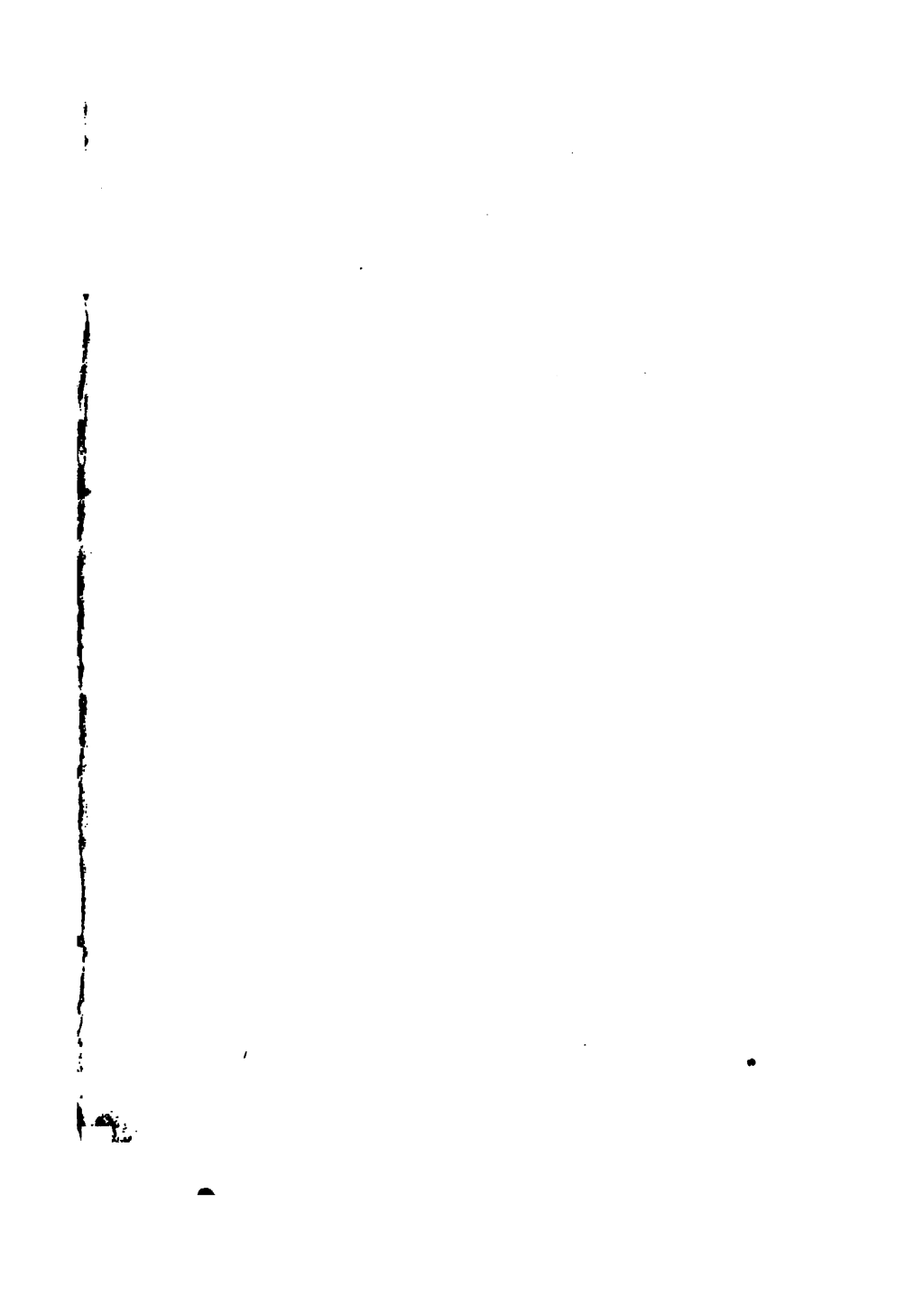
Chips.

about wine.





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CHIPS.....

BY THE

RHETORIC CLASS OF '96

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Rogers & Sherwood Printing Co.

1896

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

M 1850 L

Easter.

THE world is wrapped in woe,
Sorrow, despair, remorse;
In heaven above, on all below,
The shadow of the Cross.

Lo! through the shrouding gloom
Flutt'ring of angel's wings!
Radiance from the empty tomb—
Ris'n is the King of Kings!

WQ R 19 FEB '36

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1. School compositions
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Two Studies.

IN a little woodland glen a flowering chest-nut tree is gently waving its creamy spikes over a mossy rock where wild morning-glories trail their faintly-tinted bells. Resting in the peaceful shade is a fair and dainty maiden ; her eyes are as limpid as the waters of a quiet lake, and on her cheeks glows the delegate hue of the apple-blossoms. Her head, with its tangle of sunny curls, is crowned with a wreath of forget-me-nots, while at her feet daisies and buttercups touch with gold the fresh green grass. In her fairy hand is a branch of honeysuckles, which oftentimes she raises to her rose-bud lips, and drinks the nectar the tiny scarlet trumpets hold. Delicate tendrils frame her neck and arms, and cling to the soft folds of her pale-green gown. Fragile butterflies circle about her, and high over her head a thrush is carolling.

Leaning wearily against the rotten trunk of a tree that was once the pride of all the forest, is a tall old man. His long flowing hair and beard are silvered by the sparkling frost, and a

bitter wind forces him to draw more closely his trailing white garments with their fringe of icicles. From beneath their bushy brows his cold blue eyes gleam like the ice that covers the lakes and rivers, as, smiling contemptuously, he points with a bony finger toward the ground beneath his feet. There heaped in a dying mass, are buttercups and golden-hearted daisies, faint blue forget-me-nots, trailing morning-glories, and the brilliant scarlet and yellow honeysuckles, all cruelly blighted by the old man's frosty breath. With a grim laugh, he shrugs his bent shoulders, and the soft snow-flakes fall gently and compassionately upon the poor dead blossoms, burying them beneath a fleecy coverlet.

Greeting to Spring.

(From the German by Heine.)

SOFTLY through my heart they sing,
Joy bells softly pealing;
Chime out, little song of spring,
Thro' the wide world stealing.

To the blooming flowers fly,
Make their fragrance sweeter,
And if you a rose espy,
Say I bid you greet her.

The Driftwood Fire.

It is a stormy night in the late autumn ; the rain falls steadily, and the wind howls as it tosses the white-crested waves upon the beach. Not far from the shore the lights of a large cottage shine out into the darkness, and in one of its warm, cosy rooms, filled with the fragrance of rare hot-house flowers, the soft glow of rose-shaded lamps falls upon a girl who is sitting before a driftwood fire. Her hands are clasped behind her head, as she leans back in a low easy chair, dreamily watching the vivid flames of green and blue that dart up the great chimney. A sudden gust of wind rattles the windows, and the girl nestles closer among the cushions of her chair, while her thoughts turn to the driftwood fire.

Was it on such a night as this that some brave ship was at the mercy of wind and waves? And how long did she struggle before she became a total wreck? The girl closes her eyes to shut out the sight of the pretty room, and sees a deserted vessel floating aimlessly upon a wide expanse of dreary ocean. A slight noise startles

her; but it is only a bit of the driftwood that has fallen from the burning pile. Again she closes her eyes, and this time she sees merely a few logs and pieces of wood drifting in with the tide.

It grows late, and the fury of the storm is lessened. The driftwood fire dies slowly out; but the girl still sits in her easy chair, lost in reverie.

Al Fresco.

**A SUNNY meadow thro' which glides
A bright blue river, deep and clear;
On whose bank the violet hides,
Shedding fragrance far and near.**

**In the morning dew-drops glisten
On forget-me-nots so blue;
Fair anemones bend and listen
To the voices ever new.**

**Springtime voices 'mong the grasses;
Following voices of the breeze;
Idle whisperings; gentle flutterings;
Secrets told among the leaves.**

An Idle Hour.

It was an odd old room with sloping roof and big brown rafters deeply stained with the rain-storms of seventy years or more in which I found myself one rainy afternoon.

Gusts of wind drove the rain with threatening force against the roof and dusty window-panes. Seeking fresh air, I attempted to open first one window and then the other, but all my efforts were in vain; the disuse of years was as bolts and bars.

In the drawer of an old secretary I found an elaborately-carved oak box, filled with old letters, yellowed by age. Hastily picking them out I took them to the window, but the light was too dim to read the faded hand-writing. As, in my disappointment, they slipped from my hands, I discovered in the gloom of a cobwebby corner an old Russian leather trunk; on the lid the dust lay thick and undisturbed. The rusty lock offered but little resistance, and soon I had the trunk open. On the inside of the lid was the coarse print of a black-haired young lady whose red cheeks and lips not even the



passage of a century had dimmed. On the top lay a white gown and from its folds a faint perfume escaped telling that our grandmothers were as dainty as the young ladies of today. As I sank back into an old armchair, tired by all my exertions, I seemed to see a dim figure in the far corner. As I gazed it became more distinct and I saw the figure was a young girl, resembling the figure of my great grandmother that hangs in the dining-room. Her golden hair was parted in the middle and drawn back over her ears, and her dark brown eyes never wavered from my face. As I watched, too surprised to move, she crossed the room and giving me a reproachful glance, bent over the trunk and carefully replaced everything that I had taken out. Just as I was about to call out I heard a rushing sound and felt a sweep of cold air upon my face. "All the spirits of the past are visiting their anger upon my irreverent head," I thought! But no, I had fallen asleep in the dim old garret and the storm had blown its way in through the old broken roof.

The Kitten in Church.

THE kitten on Sunday to church would go,
Whether her presence was wanted or no,
She walked up the aisle with a solemn face—
It surprises the people to see one of her race
In Church.

She went up in front to the deacon's pew,
Bowed her head reverently, said meuw.
She listened awhile with attention rapt,
Then, I am sorry to say, she took a nap
In Church.

The sexton at length the sleeping cat spied
And hastily rushed to the deacon's side,
Seized the poor kitty though loudly it cried
And tried in the deacon's hat to hide
In Church.

The sexton held her by one little paw,
While the many good people plainly saw
She was cruelly hurt in his strong arm;
And she had been doing no one harm
In Church.

From each small boy a half-smothered laugh
 came,
And from many girls it was just the same;
 There was even the slightest, faintest trace
 Of a smile on the good old deacon's face,
 In Church.

But the sexton marched on with lordly stride
And features beaming with satisfied pride—
 'Twas a wondrous feat! he'd been able to
 catch
Kitty asleep! She went with a meuw and a
 scratch
 From Church.

A Snow Scene.

FROM my window a long, wide-stretching, snow-covered plain presents itself with little to break its monotony. Yet, it possesses a beauty of its own, its special feature, being, perhaps, a restful serenity. In the garden stands a sturdy group of trees, which having lost their leaves, have substituted little icicles as being more appropriate for the season. On their trunks some mistletoe is creeping, winding in grace to the highest branches; so thickly it grows about their trunks that the rough bark only shows in dark blotches. A large shrub of holly, with its shining red berries, is a little to the left of the trees.

In the centre of the picture a number of hungry sparrows are hovering. The east wind blowing, scatters here and there drifts of snow; uncovering bits of grass, and covering others with the same cold breath. In the distance a man is struggling hard against the blast, seeking every few minutes the shelter of the roadside trees from the wind-driven gusts of snow.

The setting sun adds a new beauty to the picture, touching the ice-clad trees with a ruddy glow, and making the plain a dazzling red.

A Stormy Night.

As night comes on, the wind, which has been all day on the open sea, comes rushing through the forest, where dry twigs and leaves fly before it through the darkness, and where, ever and anon, a loud crash denotes that a tree or some large branch has yielded to the storm.

In the village, lamps have been blown out successively by the strong night wind, which, wheeling around the corners, blows the rain in sheets before it.

In its violent rushes, it has carried away the weather-cock from the church steeple, has unroofed dwellings, unfastened shutters, and panes of glass have fallen, shattered, to the ground.

All night the wind blows, but lulls with the dawn, and only the white-caps on the bay remember its violence.

May.

'NEATH orchard tents of rose and white
Robins are building all the day;
From lilac hedge in busy flight
The golden bees bear sweets away.

The winding river flowing by,
'Twixt growing rushes tall and slim,
Seems like a bit of fallen sky
Seeking a home in forest dim.

Wild pansies grow in clusters bright;
On slope of hill arbutus trails;
And daisy fields—broad seas of white—
Are gently stirred by summer gales.

Lengthening days; faint tender dawns;
The new soft green of stately pines;
Blossoming woods; the wild birds' song;
Are one and all sweet Maytime's signs.

June.

WITH the roses and the violets, the soft winds and the sunshine, comes the month of June. The honeysuckles clamber over the hills, and the meadows are whitened with daisies.

Busy bumble-bees hum from clover to briar-rose, gathering their sweet harvest, while butterflies with gauzy wings of palest blue and yellow, flit here and there, lazily stopping once in a while to look into the deep heart of some brilliant flower.

The brooks are banked with cowslip, and small children cool their play-tired feet in the refreshing depths, as they gather the yellow blossoms. In damp places long-stemmed double violets are blooming with a confident air quite unknown to their timid, low-lying cousins of the woodland.

The air is fragrant with the scent of flowers, and the ceaseless chant of insects sounds through the languorous heat. In the open fields where the soft breeze loves to roam, the daises and buttercups are nodding to one an-

other in neighborly fashion, as they listen to the robin's sweet low call to its mate.

Far up in the clear June sky some swallows are circling, and in the woods the note of the wild birds echoes the refrain of the brook as it tinkles through the fern-beds, and falls in white cascades over mossy ledges of rocks.

Edith's Valentine.

To send my love a valentine
I try to think of something fair—
The commonplace will never do
For Edith of the golden hair.

Flowers are pretty well worn out;
A common cupid or a dove
Is passé, quite, and would not suit
My dainty little lady-love.

The fairest thing I've ever seen,
I tell you true, 'tis this—
Her own sweet face—with dreamy eyes
And mouth just made to kiss.

It is the dearest thing to me—
Could anything be dearer?
My love herself—and so I'll send
A tiny little mirror.

An Old Barn.

DOWN in the meadow, not far from the old farm-house, stands an old, half tumbled-down building which plainly shows that it has seen many summer showers and hard frosty winters. Fragments of glass still hold their places in the small windows, which passing school-boys have taken for their target while indulging in the pleasure of a sling-shot. The large open door, squeaking on its rusty hinges, reveals the musty walls and ceiling festooned with cobwebs, and lighted by the sunbeams which come peeping through the many cracks. Of the many once handsome vehicles which have been used for pleasure in the days gone by only one remains as a relic of the past, a large carriage which is barely able to stand on its almost spokeless wheels. In the walls the rats are foraging, but there is no sound of horses and cows feeding. Remnants of musty hay are still in the rickety lofts, and an occasional hen comes cackling from her nest in the corner. There is nothing left to remind one of the happy bygone days when merry children played in the hay and slid down the straw.

On The Shore.

THE sky is a faint blue, dotted with tiny white clouds. The usual fresh sea-breeze seems to have lost itself somewhere on the broad Atlantic, and the waves that are gently rolling in upon the long stretch of white sand are small and smooth, with not a white-cap visible. The tide is low, and straggling pieces of sea-weed are scattered over the beach, some wet and gleaming as though just left there by a recent wave, while other bits are stiff and dry, and half covered beneath the ever-shifting sands.

Three or four bare-legged children are splashing noisily about in the water, and shouting gleefully to their mates farther up on the beach who are busily engaged in making pies and fortresses; the nurse-maids in the back-ground keeping a watchful eye upon their charges. A pretty girl, sheltered from the sun by a large red umbrella, sketches the little ones at their play, but stops frequently to pat the huge mastiff that is lying at her feet.

A short distance from the shore, a small sail-boat lies becalmed, its white sails idly flapping while its skipper whistles in vain for a breeze.

The Night Wind.

WHEN the sunset's red gold has faded,
And the evening shades draw near,
The night wind moans in the forest,
And the flowers tremble with fear.

It comes with power from the mountains,
And whistles thro' vales below;
The stars look from one to another
In dread of a common foe.

Where the great ocean glimmers sullen,
O'er plains stretching desolate,
Thro' nestling hillside village,
Sweeps the wind like resistless fate.

The forest trees bend as it passes;
The cornfields rustle with fear;
The owl hidden deep in shadow
Cries out with hootings drear.

But the wayward wind rushes onward
Fierce and strong and proud—
The moon shines out for a moment,
Then is veiled by a passing cloud.

The Bee And The Pigeon.

(From the German.)

A BEE flew in the sunlight from flower to flower. As she came near a brook she was careless and fell into the water.

The water bore the bee past a tree, on which a pigeon was sitting. The pigeon, noticing how the bee worked in vain to reach the shore, broke a leaf from the branch, and threw it into the brook; quickly the bee climbed upon it, crept up, and joyfully flew away.

The next day the pigeon sat on the same tree. The bee noticed how a hunter approached, aimed his gun, and was about to shoot the pigeon. Quickly she flew toward the hunter, and at the moment he fired, stung him on the hand. Naturally the shot missed, and together the pigeon and the bee flew away.

As the bee owed her life to the pigeon, so the pigeon must thank the bee for saving hers.

The Dude.

ALONG Broadway he slowly walks,
When the day is mild and fair—
For otherwise 'twould soil his boots
And spoil his plastered hair.

He wears a most insipid smile,
And a suit of largest plaid,
A tall silk hat, a monocle—
To be English is his fad.

He has one penny's worth of brains—
But he really needs no more
To flirt with all the pretty girls
That he meets in car and store.

His remarks are surely very brief,
And wondrous genius show—
"Deah old fellah! How d' ye do?
Beastly weathah, dontcherknow?"

The School Girl.

SHE comes into the car with a rush; sweeping her dress into every one's lap, poking an old gentleman in the chest with her umbrella, and, at last, seats herself with a little special whirl and flurry. The old gentleman frowns crossly, but she pays no attention to such trifles, and pulling out her Algebra proceeds to study. Soon tiring of that, she begins on her History, but turns first this side then that, to gaze down a side street for some of her many friends. She sees one coming, and is overcome with joy. Putting the History carelessly under the strap with the other books, she makes room for her friend with a great bounce and bustle, dropping her books on the floor, and making considerable commotion getting them together again.

At last they settle down, and sit quietly for about one minute, then she explains to her friend how awfully hard the lesson in History is, and how awfully hard she has been studying it all the way down. The other girl has a similar tale to tell of how hard she studied in the cross-town car, so they agree to study together.

The Dude.

ALONG Broadway he slowly wanders
When the day is mild and
For otherwise 'twould soil his boots
And spoil his plastered hair.

He wears a most insipid smile,
And a suit of largest plaid,
A tall silk hat, a monocle—
To be English is his fad.

He has one penny's worth of brains
But he really needs no more
To flirt with all the pretty girls
That he meets in car and store.

His remarks are surely very brief,
And wondrous genius shows
"Deah old fellah! How
Beastly weathah!

III.

Snow has ceased;

Whiteness lies

Hard—

And flies,

And clad feet,

And joy,

And

Snow-ball fight.

And care,

And sticks,

And

They read about half a page on the Civil War, and then converse about every subject under the sun but History, then, saying they "really must study" they read half a page more, and think it horrid that they have to study about "old battles" and such absurd things as Parliamentary Law.

At a down-town corner they leave the car, and as they pass, giggling and exclaiming, out the door, an air of relief settles down over the car.

After The Rain.

THE swift deluge is past, and from the dripping covert of hedge and tree, bird songs are ripe.

The flowers that only an hour ago were drooping, scorched by the burning sun, are again standing erect refreshed by the summer rain. Now and then a gentle breeze stirs some old crabbed apple-tree, causing a miniature shower of mingled rain-drops and apple-blooms. Swift little streams are running along the ruts on the roadsides, carrying with them a freight of tender green leaves, while the brooks are rushing like small torrents, dashing over the stones that lie in their course.

A gull leaves his home in the rocks on the beach below, and flies lazily through the haze that is hanging over the sea, and which fortells another shower before the close of day.

To Summer.

O! SUMMER bright!
Thy daisies white
 And roses red are everywhere!
In thy cornfields wide
Scarlet poppies hide,
 And golden rod shines and flares.

Long are thy days;
Hot thy sun rays,
 The fields of ripe grain gilding.
'Neath thy azure skies
Flit bright butterflies;
 The birds with joy are singing.

Bright is the plain
Where thou dost reign;
 But in forests of shadow—
Sweet scenting the air
With perfume rare—
 Thy favorite darlings grow.

A Soliloquy.

I HAVE traveled in many climes, and have come to the conclusion that I am a general favorite.

Men like my company; I am petted and made much of by the women; the society belle tries her best to fascinate me by pretty poses and sunny smiles; the actress never fails to ask my opinion of her costumes and make-up. I am greeted with joy by the children in the nursery, who amuse me greatly by their grimaces made in my very face.

Would all these people love me so if they knew that I held most of their secrets?

Lawyers would try to force evidence from me if they thought it the slightest use, but I keep my mouth as tight shut as an oyster.

I have witnessed many murders, burglaries, and love-making, but my presence did not seem to be heeded.

Indeed, I was once tempted to make love myself, but she would have scorned me; the daughter of an earl could never marry a *mirror*!

May Song.

(Translated from W. v. Goethe.)

How beautiful all nature seems!
How shineth the sun so brightly!
How yon field laughs and beams,
Where birds are singing lightly.

The buds are bursting quickly
From every bush and tree;
A thousand voices hymn their joy
In softest melody.

Tranquil delight and peace
Animate each breast;
O joyous earth! O shining sun!
O bliss! O rest!

From Life.

AN Elm stood in a field of long grass. It was an old elm, and had stood there patiently for many years, bowing its head beneath autumn storms and wintry blasts, rocking baby sparrows in the spring, and making a delightful summer resort for the birds and squirrels.

A rustic Bench, who had long been the Elm's faithful companion, stood beneath it, and many a tale could the two comrades tell—of tired travelers, seeking refuge from the heat in the cooling shade of the kind old elm; of rosy children clambering over the bench, and hiding behind it in the long grass; of flocks of sheep nibbling the sweet grass, while their keepers dozed in the shade; of lovers' vows plighted in the moonlight.

It was late one autumn day. The sinking sun threw long shadows on the waving grass, and sleepy birds flew homeward. Soon the last feeble rays of light died away, the wind began to moan through the trees, and flying clouds told of an approaching storm. Suddenly through the darkness came a faint wail—the

cry of a frightened child. The Elm lifted its nodding head, and bade the wind hush, that it might listen. Again the cry sounded, this time much nearer, and a tiny figure made its way through a clump of bushes near the brook.

Through a sudden rift in the clouds the moonlight poured down, revealing to the wondering elm and the bench a baby girl, shivering in the night wind, her tangled curls blown about her face, her dress torn, her dimpled hands scratched by the cruel briars. Her little feet were so tired that she could hardly drag one after the other, but when she saw the bench, she hastened to climb upon it, and to nestle down in its shelter.

The Elm bent anxiously over her, and showed its leaves upon her, for the night was bitter cold. The Bench held her fast in its moss-covered arms, and the lost baby contentedly pillowed her head on some leaves and fell asleep. All night the wind howled and the storm raged; all night the old Bench held the child in its arms, and the Elm showered its leaves upon her.

When the wind ceased and the birds began to welcome the day, a little vine peeped timidly over the Bench into the child's face, and whispered to the Elm, "She is asleep." But the Elm sighed, and answered not, for it knew that she would never waken.

Just for Fun.

THE whirl-dance of hail and snow has ceased;
And under the solid whiteness lies
The earth, all frozen stiff and hard—
The grave of the bumble-bees and flies.

With mittened hands and warm clad feet,
With cries of fear and shouts of joy,
With peals of laughter ringing out,
The children are having a snow-ball fight.

Just home from school and free from care,
With skates and sleds and hockey sticks,
Some on the hill, some on the lake,
Their shouts of laughter gayly mix.

They skate and coast till five o'clock,
At five o'clock they stop their play,
'Tis dark and dangerous on the hill
And they must wait until next day.

With rosy faces, home they run
To eat their meal of milk and bread,
And after all their work is done
They say their prayers and go to bed.

A Country Road.

THE silent road cutting its way through the level country, looked tired and thirsty, it had probably travelled many miles without meeting a trespasser, for the sun was beating down, and there had been, thus far, little shade. Once it had stopped on its way to comfort some drooping, dusty daisies, but these petulantly refused consolation, so on went the road, seeking rest and shade, and passing in its quest, many country homes, shielded from the sun by large trees, which stood about them like guards of honor. Some were large and elegant mansions, with comfortable easy chairs on the porches, but with no signs of life about them. Others were quaint little homes, in front of which, in the shade of bush and tree were playing the farmer's children. "There is no rest for the weary" thought the road, and with a dusty sigh hurried on. In the distance, cool and still, were the woods, where there would be shade, if nothing else. Changing its course, it made a picturesque curve, and entered the protection of the trees by a sort of foot path, and when scarcely within

the shade, heard the contented rippling of a brook, happy in coolness and solitude. It followed the little gurgling thing a short distance, but finding it went too quickly turned into the heart of the woods, where it met many odd little flowerets, who begged to be taken into the bright rays of the sun. But the road, having grown wise by experience, only swept by them, and soon leaving the woods, prepared to climb a mountain, which was already casting a threatening shadow across the slowly coming road. I wonder did the road know of the lurking terrors concealed on this mountain? Did it know of the precipice eager to destroy? Did it know of the black gloom, that like an evil spirit pervaded the rocky ravines? Did it know there would be no sunny flowers to greet it, and no glimpses of the soft blue skies? Perhaps it knew it all, and knew also that the summit once attained, wild breezes would caress it, and open skies smile upon it; and that with the winsome breezes for company, it would safely descend the other side, and enter the valley of flowers, which lay, broad and peaceful, at the mountain's base.

A Study in Violet.

WALKING through the meadow,
At the sunset hour,
Through daisies, roses, buttercups—
For me there's but *one* flower.
The violet.

The hazy violet mountains
Away in the distance lie,
Faint-outlined 'gainst the shadows
Of the violet evening sky.
All violet!

The color of the violet
Is just the very same
As some-one's eyes I know of,
And Violet is her name.
My Violet!

An Old Garret.

A **QUEER** three-cornered room up under the eaves, dimly lighted by two small diamond-paned windows, through which a few stray sunbeams are falling upon the dusty floor.

Some portraits in heavy gilt frames lean against the walls: one shows a pompous-looking old man sitting very erect, and holding a large Bible in his hands; there is an air of severity about his whole person, but his immaculate shirt-frill, his lace cravat, and the white satin ribbon that ties his hair, tell that he was also a man of wealth and fashion. But it may be that his stern righteous expression was merely assumed with the heavy Bible, for there is certainly a merry look in his eyes as he glances at the dear old lady next to him. In what a stately manner does she carry her well-powdered head! Is she thinking of the time when she danced the graceful figures of the minuet with some famous officer of the Colonial times? At a little distance from the other portraits is the picture of a young girl, with a profusion of red-gold hair, and great sorrowful brown eyes. She was

far to young to have known much of sadness, but could it have been for a sweet-heart that she grieved? Did she send him to the war with a brave "good-bye," and never see him again?

In one corner of the room is a beautifully-carved sofa, upholstered in faded satin; and carelessly thrown across it, perhaps by some inquisitive grandchild, is a gorgeous gown of the faintest blue, brocaded with blush roses. Perhaps it belonged to the brown-eyed girl, and the tiny high-heeled slipper that lies in the middle of the floor—as though just tossed from a dainty foot—may have been hers also.

A large chest occupies one entire side of the garret, and in the partly-opened drawers are yellowed laces, bits of faded ribbon, and gloves whose day is long since past. A few chairs corresponding to the sofa are scattered about the room, and in the darkest, dustiest corner, with its shuttle and distaff broken, and with delicate cobwebs clinging to its spokes, is an ancient spinning-wheel.

Found.

(From the German of Goethe.)

I WALKED through a lonely wood
Not anything to find,
But in the shadows a flower bloomed—
The fairest of its kind.
Shining like a star so brightly,
Like an eye in peaceful beauty.
I stooped to pluck it from the ground;
But then it gave a low sweet sound,
And said: "Shall I be plucked to wither?"
I dug it out with all its roots
And bore it to the garden thither.
I took and planted it again
In a peaceful, quiet nook.
Now it grows so full of fragrance
And greets one with its pleasant look.

The Old St. Luke's Hospital.

It was a five story brick building standing on our favorite Fifth Avenue.

A new and more beautiful hospital on Morningside Park has taken its place; but many New Yorkers will miss the old building from whose windows pale childish faces often looked forth.

The old trees which, perhaps, have guarded the building since its infancy, gaze with wonder at the heaps of rubbish lying around, and weep in the chill night wind for the little faces and figures who used to watch the birds at their play in the trees.

Even the high iron railing, the special delight of young robin red-breasts, has disappeared, leaving traces of its existence in the freshly turned earth, where but a little while since, it stood firmly planted.

A greater part of the building is lying, a dusty brick heap, at one end of the square which the hospital occupied.

The remaining part is rapidly disappearing under the hands of the workmen, who have already taken out all the glass from the windows.

From the empty spaces thus left a startling array of celebrities looks forth : " Gentleman Joe," the handsome cabby, is flirting with the " Sporting Duchess," who turns a deaf ear to little " Chimmie Fadden," and delights in snubbing a " Black Sheep." The heroine of the " Heart of Maryland," swinging from the clapper of a huge bell, smites the " Governor of Kentucky" with her ravishing glances.

My Garden.

MINE is a wonderful garden,
The fairest in all the earth;
The bluest skies bend o'er it—
Its very air is mirth.

Each flower yields its perfume;
Each tree its grateful shade;
Its winding paths move onward,
Mid scenes of beauty laid.

Fair vines climb to swaying tree tops
Whose branches shade the paths;
Save where, from the summer sky,
Flecks of sunshine gleam and laugh.

The lilies and the roses
Tell of purity and love;
The breeze's soft caressings
Secrets tell of fields above.

The ferns mid mosses tangled
The humble mignonette,
The golden-hearted daisies—
Are all in beauty set.

At night the dew falls softly;
The birds are hid from sight;
The lilies nod in slumber;
The roses breathe "good-night."

The Class Scrap Basket.

It is nearly one o'clock, and the wicker-work scrap basket, which is standing in a corner of the school-room, is filled to the brim with torn-up papers.

The months of seasons, in rhyme and in prose, have found there a disorderly repose; and the winds, which have blown from north, south, east, and west, are lulled to eternal rest.

"Merrily singing birds," and "shy violets, peeping out of hedges," are now peeping through the wicker-work, and in its depths the "Fifth Avenue Stage" and "Elevated Road" have telescoped more than once.

A "Kitten" once nearly lost itself there amid meadows, hillsides, and fields; but finally found its way to church.

The weary writers regard this basket with awe, and sigh to see the manuscripts over which they have worked for hours so ruthlessly converted into waste paper.

But the basket blinks on, in wicked glee, sure that the following day will bring the usual amount of valentines, studios, old garrets, and barns.

Out of The World.

WINDING up the side of a steep hill is a little foot-path. It is sometimes in open view, sometimes hidden behind a patch of woodland.

An old grey-haired man is toiling slowly up it, stopping often when the stump of a tree offers itself as a resting place.

Frolicking round him, seeking wild strawberries in the high grass, is a little golden-haired child.

She brings the man a bunch of wood-violets, and fastens them in his worn and tattered button hole, for both of them are very poorly clad.

As they round one of the sharp curves of the path, a little wooden hut reveals itself, built close against a huge boulder of rock. The man sits down on the stone door-slab, and rests his tired head against the wall.

But the child, a true little housewife, enters the house and opening all the windows, closed for safety, lets in the fresh spring air. Then she prepares their mid-day meal, and both enjoy their well-earned repast.

In the evening the girl's grandfather, with

the child at his side, sits before the door, and in the dim starlight, with the moonbeams playing on them, and the wind rustling in the pines, tells her of the little fairy folk, and of the chivalrous knights, seeking honors far and wide. So they live their simple lives.

One noon the child starts down the well-known glen to hunt for strawberries.

Hours pass, but she does not return, and in the late afternoon the old man, grown anxious, wanders down to the glen, calling her name, as he goes.

Suddenly he stops, smiles, and goes more softly; for just before him, beneath a ledge of rock, he sees his darling, as he thinks, asleep.

Loving thoughts fill his breast as he gazes on the tumbled red-gold hair spread out in little curls among the ferns and mosses; but a sudden fear darkens the old eyes, when, on approaching nearer, he notes that red berries are scattered about and that the empty basket lies far to the right of the little brown hand, as though flung there in haste. Kneeling gently beside the little figure he turns the dear head towards him.

The eyes are wide open, but they do not see him.

Straight past the old face convulsed with grief, they gaze; past the moving flecks of leafy shadow; past even the sky; beyond—into the Eternity whither she had gone.

As he folds the head to his breast, his eyes see the torn bushes on the rock above, and he comprehends the way his little child left him. Till sunset he holds her—motionless—with his face pressed close to the tumbled hair; then the arms relax their hold, but the old man moans no longer, he has found his child.

Next morning the wind whistles inquiringly around the hut, but no sound is heard.

It tells a tale of woe to the ever-sympathetic fir trees, and they rustle their consoling words to the grieving wind.

The Meadow.

THE sunlight dances on the trees,
And o'er the stretch of green
Bestrewn with fairies' golden cups
And daisies in between;
While from a field not far away,
Comes the sweet breath of new-mown hay.

The dragon-flies dart to and fro,
Clad in steel armor bright;
Across the tiny, quiet pond
Their wings flash in the light;
And dreamily the lilies lie
In the reflection of the sky.

Here every night the fairy-folk
Come through the timothy,
And dance like moonbeams on the grass
To elfin melody;
But at the earliest morning hours,
They scamper off through dewy flow'rs.

A Hillside.

At the outskirts of the village a little hill rises.

At its foot are gnarled apple and cherry trees that in springtime fling their pink and white blossoms far and wide.

In early April, beneath light drifts of snow and films of ice, the arbutus trails its way from foot to summit of the little hill, starring in beauty the brown leaves beneath.

Beneath the spring sunshine and the soft showers passing clouds fling upon it, the hill lies warm and gladsome; each day growing into new loveliness.

The May breezes carry the secrets of the apple trees to the pines that crown its summit, and beneath their light treading tufts of grass glisten into being, and the sombre pines grow young again.

Midsummer finds the hill in gay company; the black-eyed Susans and the sweet-briar rose are its bonnie visitors, and every day the children come to weave their daisy chains and to swing on the low boughs of the apple trees.

The hotter the sunshine the more gleeful seems the hill; even thunderstorms of August are gentle with it, and often, while rain still falls, the hill is framed in rainbow light.

In autumn it is afire with varying colors, and the softly-sighing September wind rustles the dry yellow leaves that have fallen from its solitary oak tree. Light snow flurries and gray skies foretell the approach of winter, but still the hill burns on like a hugh torch, seen from all the country side.

Even when, at last, Jack Frost has killed all the color and driven the song birds from their home in the apple trees, and the skies have lost their blue, it assumes a new beauty all its own. It sparkles with crusty snow and ice; and in noisy, happy groups children plod their way up, and then, with shouting and laughter, coast its length.

Mid the icicles that fringe each branch and twig of the old oak, the mistletoe sways and shines, and from the bushes that encircle its trunk gleam the bright red of the holly berries.

Through the winter night the hill glistens pearl-like under the moon's cold rays, and the first flush of color the dawn discovers brightens its icy crest an hour before the village knows another day has begun.

A Ballad.

THERE was once a broken bridge
Upon a country road,
And underneath it, dark and foul,
A rushing torrent flowed.

There dwelt a gentle maid
Beyond the mountain ridge,
Who waited every eve her love
Upon the broken bridge.

One evening there she stood
Rapt in reveries so sweet,
That she heeded not the creaking beams
Beneath her dainty feet.

A sound of cracking wood
Followed by a crash!
A startled cry, a hopeless moan,
A sigh, a fall, a splash!

In The Heart Of The Wood.

THE sun that shines so brightly on the outside world, only sifts through the leaves of the tall trees in the heart of the wood, so closely interlaced are their branches. Wild woodland flowers grow here in abundance and the summer breezes waft their subtle perfume to the very edge of the forest. Through the underbrush a small brook, bridged by many a fallen tree, gurgles its way over moss covered stones, and in shadowy pools, formed by frequent widenings of the brook, small fish dart to and fro. In marshy places delicate maiden-hair ferns sway on their wire-like stems; near the brook, from an overhanging branch, a hugh hornet's nest is suspended, and the swarming hornets show that it is dangerous to go there. Clinging vines clamber about the tree-trunks, and from somewhere mid their top-most boughs the bugle-notes of a bird shrill out sweet and true. A little brown rabbit runs out from its hole and pauses, alert, when he thinks something is coming. A sly old fox passes by, thinking about the farm-house not far away.

The East Wind.

With chill and aleet the east wind comes,
With threatening rain;
Gray fog and curling mists o'erhang
The windy plain.

Long-crested waves boom on the shores,
'Neath sullen skies;
And from the agitated sea
The sprays arise.

With moans and wails and stifled sighs,
Through forests still,
The sobbing east wind hurries on
To distant hill.

No clouds of rose and burnished gold
Flame in the west,
The day's sweet soul has lost its way
In shrouding mists.

The School Girl.

OF the many varieties of school girls, it is difficult to decide which is the true one, but all of us are tolerably well acquainted with two types of this genus.

Who has not seen the studious one with her know-it-all air, and the jolly one who hardly ever studies, but gets there all the same?

The first is always on time, never misses a day, carries a pile of books, for show principally (I am sure she never looks at half of them), dresses sombrely, and wears spectacles. She is sparing of her smiles, and carries herself generally with a superior air toward her more faulty schoolmates, while toward her teachers her attitude is one of unruffled complacency.

The other girl is very different; she comes flying into school just as the doors are closing for prayers, and calls this early, as she gets in for the middle of her first lesson. She is gayly dressed; high-heeled, patent leather shoes are her delight.

In spite of giddy ways and faulty lessons, every one loves her; she has kind words for all, and is never too busy to help a struggling class-mate whose brain-cells work as slowly and as recklessly as a Fifth Avenue Stage.

Shows of New York.

FIRST comes the crowded Horse Show—
Where every one in town,
For seven days in November
Go to see smart hat and gown.

'Tis advertised "A Horse Show,"
But just 'twixt you and me
I think it is a fashion show,
For few a horse do see.

Next comes the "Show of Wheelmen,"
Where girls go marching in
Pretending that about a "bike"
They just know everything.

Beribboned yelping animals
Of every clime and breed
In spring time fill the "Garden"—
In noise and fun they lead.

'Tis there the stately mastiff,
And my lady's pet King Charles,
Wear the lover's violets
With growls and yelps and snarls.

In fair and new Olympia
 Guilbert small reverence shows
For established reputation,
 But mimics all she knows.

There Fay draws the public
 With merry laugh and song,
For no one grudges fifty cents
 Where time is never long.

And last behold great Sarah!
 Her coming makes one sad,
Though she's the greatest of French players
 And our most exciting "fad."

Her temper's always with her
 As are her pets, the snakes—
And her bed, it is a coffin
 Which everywhere she takes.

A Cosy Corner.

It is a little tower room divided from a larger apartment by a heavy red curtain.

A bow-window overlooks the calm, blue bay, its broad sill crowded with flower pots whose flowers bloom even in the wintry sunshine.

Around this window are cushioned seats and within easy reach a table stands, large enough to hold books, magazines, and a student's lamp.

The walls are covered with oil paintings of landscapes and old portraits, and the rounded bookcase filled with musty volumes of "forgotten lore" invites the booklover to hours of serene joy.

Before a smouldering fire two spacious arm-chairs are drawn; their comfortable depths suggest a dreamful ease which we are sure the French clock on the mantle-shelf will not molest; for, with a well-bred comprehension of a "Cosy Corner," it ticks away the minutes unobtrusively, and announces each hour in musical chimes.

Easter.

DEAD he lay and in his grave
The Prince of Peace who came to save.

In the morning, thro' the gloom,
Two Mary's came to watch his tomb.

Spices with them did they bring,
To anoint their Lord and king.

The one they sought for was not there,
Only two Angels bright and fair,
Facing the radiance of dawn.
The Lord had risen! 'twas Easter morn!

A Studio.

A LONG wide room with a polished floor half-covered with rugs—beautiful ones, but old, worn, and thin; dating centuries back. The walls are hung with tapestries in the same condition, with here and there a rare, old plaque, and one of the large blue plates of our great-grandmother's time.

On the mantle-shelf some candles are shedding a soft light which falls on a Russian Samovar near by, and turns it to ruddy gold. A massive cabinet, beautifully carved and black with age, is dimly seen through the gathering twilight, and challenges instant admiration.

A suit of armor, and a great shield, perhaps used by some famous knight of long ago; a few books, the words scarcely visible on the yellowed pages, and some enormous antique rings, in gold and silver, are other relics of a far-away past.

Through the whole room floats a faint smell of incense, wafted from censers once belonging to the Church of Rome.

March.

CHILL winds are blowing,
Chill snows are drifting;
No sign of spring-time
In field or lane.

But March is hiding,
And safely keeping
Roses and lilies
For April's rain.

In forests quiet,
Crocus and violet
By frozen lakes
Await Spring's call.

The sky grows darker
As thick clouds gather,
And snow again
Begins to fall.

The Brownies.

WHO has not heard of those little brown imps that do such marvellous things?

There are millions of them; each one differs from all the rest, and each one has his own particular little trick, which he works off on every possible occasion.

The "Dude" with his shiny "top-hat," steps about with as much pomp as if he were walking on Fifth Avenue.

The "Scorcher" brownie rides along on his little wheel at the most terrific speed, little caring if he runs down some unfortunate who happens to be in his way.

A Policeman strides around in a high and mighty manner, flourishing his club in a reckless way that shows plainly he has never even heard of the Lexow Committee.

Here comes a Cook. He is dressed in white, and carries a pot and some wooden spoons. A young brownie comes along. He is very inquisitive, and looks into the pot. Down comes a spoon on either side of his head, and he runs howling away.

A Jockey, the exact imitation of a real one, snapping his whip, walks awkwardly around on his little rounded legs.

A Sailor, with a cap whose huge tassel makes it conspicuous, is fighting a Soldier whose rows and rows of brass buttons glitter in the moonlight, and whose little forage-cap threatens to fall off the side of his head where it is planted.

They are going along a country lane, approaching a little church. Some of the nimblest are there already and are clambering in at the windows, each one helping the next comer.

The quiet which prevails in the church effects the brownies in the peculiar way that solemn things always do. It makes them more lively than ever.

Their shrieks of delight fill the dim interior and rouse the saints in their niches who look down at them with as much fierceness as saints can assume.

The "Dude" is showing himself off in splendid style, when, to his disgust, he loses his balance and falls from the edge of the font, where he is standing, right into the water!

Several brownies play tag along the backs of the pews, and the church re-echoes with the shouts of tiny laughter, when one, especially nimble, jumps across an aisle, and so eludes his followers.

A lady brownie insists on marrying her young man then and there, and is very much put out because the bridegroom capers all the way to the altar. But with the aid of the policeman

he is kept quiet during the ceremony. The soldier has discovered the alms box, which delights him so much that he takes off most of his brass buttons and drops them in in order to hear them click as they touch the bottom.

One little imp is clambering up the embroidered book mark, to the prayer book. He is just putting two little hands and his head over the edge of the book, when some others, on mischief bent, tip over the cover and down it comes on the little imp. He squeals, and struggles to free himself, but fails entirely. His cries have alarmed the whole mass of brownies and by their united efforts the book is opened and the brownie released, while the culprits are put in charge of the policeman.

Several of them are hurrying up the belfry ladder, one even is climbing the rope to the bell. He hangs himself to the clapper, where he, by his quick movements, plays a simple brownie two-step, which sets all the brownies dancing merrily in and out of the pews and aisles.

Suddenly all are hurrying to an open window, for has not one of them seen the first rays of the rising sun? And brownies must sleep when the sun shines.

In an instant all is quiet.

The church bears no signs of life; the soldier's buttons alone testify that Brownies have been frolicking there in the night.

A Song of October.

**I sing a song of October—
The witchery of its days,
Its wealth of wondrous color,
Its soft transforming haze.**

**Its trees of strength and splendor
Wearing shining golden crowns;
The sweet, white-reaching meadows
Carpeted with softest browns.**

**The blue flash of its heaven,
When the morning's brilliant dawns
Surprise river, brook, and forest
With the old world's grace new-born.**

**I sing of purple clusters
Weighting the climbing vines;
Of dropping nuts and apples,
In the breezy autumn time.**

A Country Road.

OUT of the town, up-hill and down, the road winds its uneven course.

After leaving the city, it is bordered by open fields, which later in the season may show some signs of fertility, but now are mere stretches of muddy land with tufts of grass here and there.

A recent rain has dotted the road with tiny puddles, on whose placid surfaces green leaves float like miniature boats, and in whose shallows noisy sparrows bathe, their constant chattering the only sound that breaks the country silence.

A little further on, trees range themselves on either side, beneath whose shade the road winds its way around the hill, as if eager to know what is hidden behind.

Then it follows the river's windings, explores a shadowy bit of wood, and, passing over a bridge, under which, in early spring, a struggling torrent fights its way, but which in summer spans only a dusty and stony gutter—it climbs a green slope, to the little white church, where the purple, star-like blossoms of the

myrtle mingle with the violets. The headstones stand amid all the sad color, broken and moss-grown, their queer old inscriptions traced with difficulty through the over-running myrtle.

In the gloomy woods which border the cemetery, silver birches gleam in ghostly whiteness, and pale woodland flowers shine star-like, but, unheeding all this quiet beauty, the road pursues its way.

Now kernels of corn and wheat are scattered over it, here and there siftings of white flour appear, and, with a sudden turn, the road runs into the mill.

A Corn Field.

THE farmer had surely been repaid for his labor, for there stood the corn—a field of gold, and the soft sunlight glancing through it made each stalk look richer and heavier.

As the breeze swept over all, great waves seemed to form, and as the wind died out, one could almost imagine crests of foam.

The little groups of cornflowers, hidden from sight, grasped their opportunities, and whenever the tall stalks bent over, they would take a glance at the world. But this beautiful field stands in its perfection but a short time, for when the great scythe begins its work, beauty vanishes.

Autumn which confers an added glory to all things else, passes the rified cornfield, and it lies an unsightly thing beneath the brilliant September skies.

A Corn Field.

AN August sun has wrought its will
On field and lane,
The once green corn is sere and dried
For want of rain.

Now o'er the field the cool breeze blows
Each stalk doth bend
And bow its head in gratitude,
As to a friend.

Large pumpkins round and golden squash
Lie side by side;
And, gleaming through the field of corn,
In vain they hide.

Above the corn, in sunny space,
Flit butterflies;
And soaring high on sable wing
The black crow flies.

A Stormy Night.

As the sun goes down, the wind rises, and dark clouds drive across the sky. From far out at sea comes the mourning note of a gull, and on the stretch of grey sand black waves roll up and break, sending the white spray high into the air, in useless anger.

Wheeling seabirds dart to and fro, now skimming the crest of a wave, now mere specks far off against the sky. Blacker and yet blacker grows the night, and now across the sand gleams a tiny red star. It is the light from the fisher's cottage on the rocks, and though the wind howl and the waves roar ever so fiercely, it still glows on undaunted.

The waves dash higher and higher, striving to sweep down the sturdy little hut on the rocks, roaring and howling like a lion deprived of his prey.

Suddenly comes a lull in the storm, a hush of expectation. Throwing aside her cloud-veil, the moon pours down her white radiance, touching with silver each angry wave, caressing the wet rocks and the long trail of shining kelp,

resting lovingly on the little fisher-hut. Even the wind is awed by the calm strength of her peace, and sullenly subsides

But soon she withdraws again behind her veil, leaving the rocks and the waves in black despair.

Again the wind angers the waves, and they rush upon the sands, and wind their white arms about the rocks.

At last a faint grey light spreads over the sky, and the tempest, spent with its long struggle, begins to sob softly, like a tired child. Finally it falls asleep, and the glories of the dawn are mirrored in a shining expanse of calm clear water, as serene and unruffled as if it had not passed the night in restless agony.

A Face.

WALKING Broadway one April day
I met a maiden fair,
Whose eyes shown brightly from under her veil,
And sunshine was her hair.

I never saw her afterward,
But that sweet face so smiling
Is with me still, and e'er shall be,
A lonely hour beguiling.

Forever is she my ideal girl,
For in the sunlight bright
I snapped my Kodak's button round,
Ere she could take to flight.

A Face.

AN artist sat before his easel in a tapestry-hung studio and tried to fasten on canvas—so that it would cease to haunt his life—an ideal face he had seen in his dreams. But ever as he seized his brush with the thrilling conviction that he had it within his power to make an exquisite reality out of the ideal, the vision faded and he was powerless again.

It was maddening, and yet he felt he could never rest till he saw that beautiful dream-face imprisoned by his brush. The light faded slowly to a grey dusk, and still he sat before the blank stretch of canvas. He looked about the great room, filled with precious hangings and rare treasures from all countries; and, then and there, he would have given it all for the power to grasp that bewitching, eluding face. With a sigh he laid down his brushes and threw himself on a cushioned-piled divan near the smouldering fire, and shutting his eyes, invoked the spirit, *his* spirit as he lovingly called it in his heart. He could hear the embers dropping into the grate, as he lay motionless with hands clasped

behind his head. The air was fragrant with violets and hyacinths in quaint old pots; the cushions under his head were softest down. Yet he could not rest; no dream-face came to him, pray for it as he might. At last he rose, and going to an inlaid desk glanced idly over a pile of cards lying neglected on a silver tray. For once he would abandon his beloved studio and velvet coat for the ball-room and the hated evening dress, and he would see if any faces there could rival his ideal.

At midnight he found himself wandering aimlessly about the hall and picture-gallery of a certain great house, whose owner often came to the studio to while away an hour or two among his art treasures. People pointed him out as a genius and a dreamer, and pretty women wondered if they found favor in the eyes of the great artist. He, with a strange pride and pleasure told himself that no face in that great crowd of lovely women was one-half as beautiful as his ideal, and so took no heed of them, and felt no desire to meet the great beauty who was leading men's hearts captive that night.

The music and flowers and "ensemble" of brilliant colors pleased his artist eye, and he stayed on, a solitary figure in that crowd of pleasure seekers. In the late hours his host captured him, and drawing his arm through his own, led him to the ball-room to meet his wife

and daughter. "You have never seen Dorothy," the old man said with fatherly insistence, "and I want you to paint her portrait some day;" and then a miracle happend, and he saw before him, radiant in human form, his dream—his ideal—his spirit-love. Robed in ivory satin, with pearls about her throat and in her hair, she stood before him and looked into his very soul with her shadowy eyes.

"My daughter," said the father, with loving pride.

"My ideal," whispered the artist and reverently took her hand.

Street Cleaners of New York.

THE day is gray,
The wind comes sweeping round the block,
And rattles every latch and lock
In boisterous play.

He groans, he growls,
And sobs and sighs in accents sad;
And then again, like one gone mad,
He shrieks and howls.

The fog is dense;
I grope my way across the street,
And twist and twirl upon my feet—
The wind's immense!

I slip, and slide,
And softly swear—beneath my breath—
When suddenly I see a wraith
Close by my side!

Out of the gray
White forms arise, and dimly show
Like ghosts of some time long ago—
Then fade away.

I stop and stare,
 Until the wind, with sudden whish,
 Knocks me flat down, and makes me wish
I wasn't there.

But sudden, then
 A wheezy sneeze attracts my ear,
 Before my startled eyes appear
Those ghosts again!

Against the blast—
 Imprecations softly muttering—
 I run, until, panting and sputtering,
I'm home at last!

A Wet May Day.

ALL day the wind has moaned through the woodland; all day the rain has swept across the hills; and all day, beneath low, sullen clouds, trees, blossoms, and birds have shivered and cowered.

The soft green grass beneath my window is hidden under a tapestry of rain-battered petals, while across the garden-path, fallen vines are trailing.

The lilies show wan and ghostly through the wind-blown mists, and nearly all their sweetness has fled from the roses.

In the large chestnut tree near my window, a solemn group of sparrows are gathered, discussing the situation.

Occasionally one of their number darts out, but soon returns again to make his reports on the weather.

Toward evening the rain ceases, and the soft breezes separates the sullen clouds, revealing glimpses of azure.

Gradually the red after-glow lightens the valley, the color deepening and darkening, until

the whole sky is resplendent and every cloud reflects the light.

Every blade of grass bends earthward beneath its burden of opaline drops, and down in the orchard the western wind flings sparkling showers from the dripping branches that rival in hue the rose of the apple-blooms.

Nature's Day.

DAWN.

Soft color is drifting slowly
'Cross skies that are grey and pale;
Sweet buds are swift unfolding
To give the morning hail.

NOON.

The day is in its splendor;
And flowers of every hue
Are swaying in the breezes
'Neath an arching heaven of blue.

EVENING.

The summer day is over,
And all that now remains
Is the melting hue of amber
Which the darkening sky retains.

Salt Meadows.

A LONG stretch of salt meadows with nothing to break the monotony save a winding creek and straggling fences. Now and then a snipe, with a shrill scream, flies beside the creek until it reaches the bay and vanishes in the dazzling sunshine. In the morning's early hours a sportsman in golf hose and hunting shoes, flounders through the long thick grass whistling the while to entice the snipe. None is in sight; but presently a floating speck which slowly turns into a bunch of snipe, appears in the sky and the birds come flying to meet their death.

All through the day the meadow silences are broken by the sharp report of a gun, and the pink waves of the meadow grasses are parted again and again, not by the breeze, but by the swift fall of the birds, who, arrested in their highest flight, fall with a dull thud to the ground. Far away in the bay beyond, white sails flit about like huge sea gulls. In the distance the lighthouse stands outlined against the sky, and as the night draws on, it throws a protecting arm of light across the salt meadows.

Tulips.

TULIPS white and red
Nodding all the day;
Each one holding high its head
In the lovely month of May.

Tulips of every hue
Stand with lordly air;
Petals all ashine with dew
In the early morning fair.

Flinging on the breeze
Flakes of gold and red;
Bereft of all their jewels—
Fair June finds them dead.

The Sunrise.

(From the French of Jean Jacques Rousseau.)

ONE sees it announcing itself from afar by the streamers of fire which it throws before it. The fire increases till the east is all aflame. In the expectant splendour one waits the coming planet. Each moment one is sure it has appeared, at last one sees it.

The brilliancy shifts like lightning till the whole space is filled; the veiling darkness effaces itself and falls away. Man recognizes his abode and finds it embellished. The verdure has taken a new vigour during the night; the birth of day which lightens it, the first sun rays which gild it, show it covered with a brilliant web of dew, which reflects the light and color. The birds, inspired, hail in concert the father of life; at this moment of sunrise not one is silent; their faint chirping is slower and softer than during the rest of the day. The concourse of all these objects brings to the sense an impression of freshness which seems to penetrate the soul.

It is a half hour of enchantment which no man resists; a spectacle so great, so beautiful, so delicious, can leave none indifferent.

The Blizzard in New York City.

O THE swift and awful blizzard!
O the cold and cruel blizzard!
Ever louder, louder, louder
Shrieked the gale across the country;
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Fell the snow on street and house-tops,
Fell the blinding snow, and drifted,
Shrouding highways, blocking travel.
Hardly thro' the spectral whiteness,
Could our people force a passage;
With umbrellas and goloshes
Vainly plunged they thro' the snow-drifts;
Sought for cable cars and found none,
Heard no rushing "Elevated;"
Thro' the storm beheld no "Cabby;"
In bewilderment and terror
Headlong fell and fast grew rigid,
Done for by the awful Blizzard.
O the terror-stricken country!
O the baffled, conquered city!
O the famine in high places!
O the milkman long expected!
O the strange, undreamed-of silence!

All New York was cold and frozen;
Frigid was the air about them,
Frigid was the sky above them,
And the gleaming stars in heaven
Thro' the snow-flakes glared upon them !
Into Uncle Sam's big city
Come two other guests, as fearsome
As the Blizzard, and more grewsome.
Waited not for invitation,
Did not ask to be admitted,
Staid there without word or welcome,
In our fair and storm-girt city.
Seized their victims by the hundreds,
Giving them no time to question.
And the grimmest said: " Behold me!
I'm La Grippe, the great Destroyer! "
And the other said: " Behold me!
I am dread Appendicitis! "
And the erstwhile brave New Yorkers
Shuddered as they looked upon them,
Shuddered at the words they uttered;
In grim helplessness they waited,
Like meek cravens sought their couches;
There lay coughing, sneezing, trembling
At the glances cast upon them,
At the dreadful words prophetic.
Forth from out his East-side alley
Rushed poor Patrick, panic-stricken;
In his heart beat Grip's black terrors,
In his face pale Grip's dominion,

In his eyes Grip's awful shadow,
Thro' his frame Grip's grievous trembling.
Clothed in frock, prepared for labor,
With a mighty broom of cedar,
With a barrow and a shovel,
With his mittens made of woolen
Into wide and snow-filled highways
On his mission strode he forward.
"Howly Mither, Mither of Saints!"
Cried he with his shovel lifted
In the bitter cold of morning,
"Give your childers strength, O Mither!
Give us strength or we must perish!
Give us strength to lift the snow-drifts
From our blissed native city!"
Through the lengths of streets deserted,
Through the streets so cold and silent
Rang the bell of Broadway cable,
Rang out sharp as if in answer
To the echo of the shovels,
To the echo of the workmen's
Call upon the "howly Mither."

January.

SILENTLY the snow-flakes fall through the bare and shivering woods.

At the foot of the long hill, winds the river, whose swift current is checked by large blocks of floating ice.

Passing beneath the weather-beaten bridge, it makes a sudden turn and spreads into a glassy pond behind the bulwarks of the mill-dam. In summer would sound the intermittent ring of the whizzing saw, the clanking of cogs, and the tuneful sounds of the falling bark-bound slates; but now, like the bare willows that were wont to wave their leafy boughs with a caressing touch upon its mossy roof, the old mill shows no signs of life. Its pulse is frozen, and the silent wheel is resting from its labors beneath a coverlet of snow.

Just below the clustered pines at the north end of the lake, where the lily-pads and water-weeds are frozen in the ice, sprays of fringed which-hazel curve over the flaky bordering ice.

In the silent woods, homely yarrows and be-reft thistles are turned to phantom shapes, and,

with every stir of the icy wind, the nest-like tops of the wild carrot fling their fleecy burden to the ground; fimbriate mosses still cling to the trunks of fallen trees; and spongy tufts of rich brown lichen, tipped with snow, depend from branching oaks. Beyond the old swamp, thickset with bristling bulrushes and iron-weed, a thicket of black alder holds fast its harvest of scarlet berries.

Toward evening the wind increases, and the air is filled with clouds of flying snow. The trees bend and writhe in the grasp of the gale, and driving flakes beat with an angry hiss upon the window panes.

The snow that lay so still on the road and meadow is hurled aloft and mingles with the falling flakes. All through the night the snow falls, and the wind sweeps shrieking through the woods, till, as the day breaks, exhausted by its own fury, it flees to its home in the hills, leaving in field and wood and lane soft drifts of snow, that in the sunrise light present a glory of white shining.

February.

DURING February, winter still holds the earth in its icy grasp. In the keen wind the naked trees sway to and fro, and toss their skeleton arms in the air with maniacal frenzy.

It is then that the forests resound with snapping of ice-clad branches and the crash of up-rooted trees.

Then it is that snow-storms are followed by nights of rain, the frozen roads begin to soften, and the heavy cart-wheels find out the mud patches.

It is then Jack Frost plays his most exasperating tricks; that warm bright mornings grow into afternoons of slush and rain, or stiffen into nights of darkness and boisterous winds.

Staunch steamers leave the harbor with flying colors only to run their prows into sand bars, collide with other seacraft, or go down in mid ocean—all because of February's perilous mists and fogs.

Throughout our mist-enveloped city our ears are assailed every hour by the ceaseless moan of the fog horn and the far-away clanging

of our harbor bells. The sounds bring to our uneasy minds visions of life-guards patrolling the coasts, and our eyes can see the gleams of the revolving light as it bravely tries to penetrate the monstrous fog whose heart holds death and despair.

February has few winning graces and none to be depended upon; so it is with a sense of a prolonged strain relieved when we read its last date on our calendar.

It is a period, for the most part, made up of black east winds and sudden freezes; its only hope is its lengthening days which tell to shivering mortals that winter's final overthrow can not be far off.

March.

ACROSS the dreary moor the restless wind sweeps with pitiless blast. From the crests of the bleak hills the clouds of hoary flakes are lifted, and drawn along by the gale, like a great white veil. Down the upland slope, across the undulating field, the blinding drift, like a thing of life, speeds in wild caprice; now swirling in fantastic eddies around some isolated stack, half-hidden in its chill embrace; now flying over bare-blown walls, scraggy fence, and frozen stream; now whirling aloft, till the dark pines and hemlocks on the mountain-side fade away in icy mist. But when the south breezes come, the boisterous north wind is driven back to the region of eternal ice.

The maples throb and trickle with the flowing sap, and clumsy ox-team and sled wind through the woods, from tree to tree, to relieve the over-flowing buckets.

Great flocks of wild geese fly northward; little pussy-willows, coaxed from their winter nest, creep out upon their stems; and the wild-cabbage flower, that cautious pioneer down among the swamps, peers above the ground from beneath his purple-spotted hood. He knows sickle March, and keeps well under cover.

April.

THE young buds of the wild-cabbage have long ago pierced the surface of the earth, and now the true leaves have unfolded, and mark the wet woods and meadows with bright patches of vivid foliage. Here, there, and everywhere, quaint little jacks, ensconced in their pulpita, are exhorting the flowers to put forth their dainty blossoms, for winter is gone, and April has come bringing sunshine and heat with her. But even as the little preachers entreat the flowers to hasten, April turns away frowning, and sullen wracks of cloud mar the blue of the sky.

The fragrant arbutus and hardy marsh marigold instantly obey the preacher's call, but the blood-root, whose snowy petals fall from their golden centres; the hepatica, who comes wrapt in furs, and seeks the protection of last year's leaves; and the yellow adder's-tongue, sleepily nodding among its mottled leaves—these follow more slowly, but before coquettish April has gone, all are ranged in field and wood. But the spring beauties, foam-flowers, and forget-me-

nots, tarry until the presence of sunny May assures them there is no danger from chilling winds.

Through the valley runs the road, rough and wet, lined with gaunt trees. From the distant meadows the farmer's voice calls to his dull oxen, and suddenly from the woods, the heavenly notes of the hermit-thrush announce that spring is here at last.

In May.

ALL the air is heavy with the fragrance of lilacs and marcissus, whose purple and gold make royal highways of the simple country lanes. The full-blown blossoms of the cherry-trees scatter their petals over the grassy road, which turns this way and that among them as though anxious to escape from the white storm. On the river banks spring-beauties and star-flowers hold spring-time court. Curving around the hill, the shining, rippling river runs suddenly into the woods, where, fascinated by the solemn shade and stillness it lingers long. Down in the old orchard there is a festival of birds and blossoms.

Bees are swarming among the apple-blooms, and yellow and white butterflies—shifting flakes of color—flit among the fragrant branches, while down in the grasses fallen petals mingle with the hardy golden dandelions.

June.

"WHAT is so rare as a day in June!

Then, if ever, come perfect days."

It is then that the meadows roll an undulating sea of daisies and red clover, and great snowy drifts of clouds throw their gliding shadows across the patchwork of ploughed field and green hills. It is then that sunny slopes are jewelled with the scarlet berries and tiny white blossoms of the wild strawberry; that maiden-hair ferns and tall lady's-slippers make beautiful the dim old woods; and the waxen laurel covers the mountain with drifts of rose and white. Then it is that the farmhouse is lost beneath red, yellow, and white roses. They hang in garlands from the porch; clamber up the walls; peer in at the open windows—these dainty frail explorers are everywhere! And when in the evening the glowing sun sinks through the blossoming trees, and the cool shadows creep across the sunny meadow, and one by one the scattered barns and houses fade into the gathering dusk, and in silvery brightness the clustering stars appear, we, in the midst of the fragrant silence, are sure that June nights are perfect, too.

July.

IN the long twilight that precedes the dawn the song-sparrow sounds his reveille and is answered by the robin's clarion notes ; as the daylight deepens, the song is taken up, and soon from every tree and bush their feathered kindred swell the July chorus.

With the risen splendor of the sun, the dawn breezes die away. The leaves hang motionless in the increasing heat and the grasses stir not. In the noonday glare the road, faint and white, trudges wearily up hill and across the plain seeking in vain the cooling waters of spring-time brooks or the grateful shade of dim woods.

In the rambling old-fashioned garden where sweet peas and mignonette run riot, the usually gallant sweet-William is too fatigued to pursue his daily flirtations with the indifferent candy-tuft. Vines droop in languor from the lattice fence, and the roses are fast losing their sweet passion of color.

So the fervid day wears on—pulsing with intense heat, feeling no cooling breeze, seeing no shading cloud, till, at last, the long hot twilight merges into night, when, with the rising of the moon, a fresh little breeze sighs through the darkness.

August.

FROM early morning the wind has blown, hot and sultry, from the south and the intense heat pours down on the unprotected fields, scorching and burning them a dull brown.

The pale jewel-weed bends its delicate blossoms nearer the surface of the brook, which is no longer hurrying onward, but lingers, overpowered by the heat.

The dusty road winds its way up the hill in the blazing sun between the bordering blue lobelia and golden St. John's-worth, till lost in the cool shade of the wood.

Over the intense blue of the sky a few light clouds gather, slowly at first, then faster and faster, growing blacker every instant. The distant rumble of thunder startles the cows, resting in the shade of the apple-tree. A flash zigzags across the sky, followed by a loud crash, and the large drops begin to fall. A sudden gust of wind, before which the corn bends and sways, rushes up the road, preceded by a cloud of dust. Suddenly down pours the rain! In torrents it falls; in blinding sheets; turning the paths into

brooks, and shutting off the view of the distant hills. The merry songs of the birds are hushed, and huddled together in the thick foliage, they keep up a disconsolate twittering.

As suddenly as it began the rain ceases, and the clouds scatter. Against the red and gold of the evening sky the steeple of the village church stands out white and clear.

The farmer's daughter is letting down the bars, and one by one the cows, in the gathering dusk, turn into the farm-house road, and follow one another toward the low white house hidden behind the orchard. As they enter the farm-yard enclosure the moon rises—a red ball of fire—foretelling a burning day for the morrow.

In September.

ACROSS an amber sky drifting clouds faintly
veil the blue beyond.

The soft breeze is fragrant with the pungent
breath of the sweet fern

The ancient orchards, skirting the farm-lands
are crimson-studded, and the ground beneath is
strewn with the bright red fruit which after
running the gauntlet of the scraggy twigs, mark
the minutes as they fall bounding to the slope
beneath.

The peach trees' scarlet branches are bare, but
here and there a few of the later fruit still cling.

Beyond stretch the low flat meadow-lands
jewelled with the gold of the wild sunflowers
and swamp maples; swaying willows now in-
close, now reveal, the graceful curves of the
meadow stream.

The road, winding through the country is
bordered by an old wall whose overtopping rails
are brilliant with American ivy. Its crimson
covers all the stones for miles; it clammers up
the tree-trunks, enveloping them in fire, and
hangs its arabesques from every branch.

Above the wall, like an encampment of
thatched wigwams, peer the stacked corn stacks.
A prospecting colony they seem, encamped in a
field rich with gold, where all in sight great
round nuggets lie.

October.

AUTUMN in a mood of prolonged vanity has added one gorgeous color after another, till, at last, she stands resplendent, decked in ever-varying shades of red, yellow and russet browns. Through the smoky haze which pervades the air, the leaves of the maple flutter down, singly, then by twos and threes, finally, in showers that hide the chestnuts from the busy chipmunks.

The brilliant colors of the autumn woods are not worn by the maples alone; but are the rightful insignia of giant oaks, whose leaves of russet brown are now changing to a dull red; of great beeches, bearing in their outspread arms masses of leafy gold; of the poplar, a graceful wand of chrome; and of the elm, a mass of fluttering brown and yellow.

Lane and forest, hill and valley, run the whole gamut of color, while overhead in a sky of sapphire, clouds of dazzling whiteness are urged forward by the soft October breezes.

In the woods the expectant hush of autumn has fallen; no noisy katydids or gossiping birds

are heard ; only the woodpecker's constant scratching and the seeking jay-birds among the acorns, disturb the silences. At the foot of an old birch a late spray of yellow fox-glove nestles, and where leaf-laden brooks winds its way, clumps of ladies'-tresses and fringed gentian cling to its moist banks.

The shadows are growing longer and the day and October are dying together. The red and yellow of the evening sky are repeated in the drifts of leaves blown hither and thither by the chilling wind—a forerunner of bleak November—which as night comes on, begins to blow through the woods.

November.

FROM the forest trees and maples in the lane, bleak November winds have torn the last of the russet leaves.

Flaming stalks of sumach and a few purple and white asters still brave the chilling air, and the bright orange and red of the bitter-sweet arrays itself upon worn fence and stone.

Dead leaves rustle beneath the feet of scurrying rabbits and chipmunks, and are blown in riotous companies into the roadside brook, blocking its progress.

During the day the air is clear and bright and a few violets, misled by the April-like warmth, spring in purple beauty from sheltered wood nooks ; but, alas, by night a cruel frost closes the soft eyes, and the morning finds them numbered with the dead leaves.

From field and garden all the merry songsters have fled ; only the noisy crows flap their sable wings over deserted grain-fields, and seem, as they sail mid the bleak desolateness about them, to be the fleeing souls of black November.

In the bare woods all tender wild things have

lain "down to sleep;" banks of moss hide their scarlet cups 'neath warm coverlids of leaves; the ferns droop in drowsy ranks; and a swift slumber has overtaken the slow march of the hoary lichens. In and out of this forest slumber-world runs the ground-pine, an embroidery of living green. Here and there in the shadows, clusters of Indian-pipe, like belated ghosts, stand considering, with an air of fine remoteness, the reason of their late watch.

December.

DRIFTING flakes of snow fall from the dull grey clouds through which the sun shines dimly, as through a veil, yielding a phantom light. The first snow of the season ! How silently it falls on the hills and fields, on the houses of the living and on the graves of the dead. All the country is white save the river, that marks its course by a winding black line across the landscape, and the leafless trees that against the leaden sky reveal sharply the intricacy of their branches.

Even in the busy towns the sounds are muffled; no more trampling hoofs, no more rattling wheels ! only the chiming sleigh bells, beating as swiftly and merrily as the children's hearts at the prospects of skating.

In every house the hurry of preparation for Christmas prevails. Big boxes are packed and sent far away to those unable to buy. The florists' shops are filled with evergreen, mistle-toe and holly.

From the tall brick school-house the children are pouring, talking and laughing loudly in their delight that the holidays have come at last. One little group lingers to talk of mysterious Santa Claus, and to wonder whether he will bring the longed-for toys.

“Salt.”

Her pen across the paper makes a dash,

Her hazel eyes with inspiration flash;

Then, in swift-changing mood,

If it's not very good,

Strikes it all out and calls it “perfect trash.”

Her small, slight figure, with its dainty grace

Alert and nervous; and her quick, bright face

Tell of the genius rare

Behind the soft, dark hair,

And all the class to their dear “Salt” give place.

In Minor Key.

It was autumn; and the world was mourning the death of summer. The sky was a dull, cold grey, and the trees, once so brilliantly arrayed with flame-colored leaves, were now almost bare. It was chill and dull and desolate.

The wind made weird sounds in an unkept garden, and a November silence haunted its leaf-covered paths.

Beyond the garden the great house stood in forlorn state, deserted except for a woman's figure at one of the long windows that opened on a wide stone porch.

Since early twilight she had stood there, and the strained look in the wistful eyes grew ever more tense as the shadows deepened round her, till with a despairing gesture she turned away.

In the room the fire was dying, and the shadows in the corners spread and seemed to follow and close about the slight figure. Indistinctly, but persistently the whispering, questioning music of the pines could be heard, despite closed windows and half-drawn curtains, and a question as insistent as their minor wailings surged

through the woman's heart, and took form as the white fingers wandered aimlessly over the ivory keys of a spinet.

The restful major melody that she had meant to play, was quite forgotten, as a plaintive minor air, with a background of swelling, yet tender chords, echoed through the chamber till the very shadows seemed woven into the player's meaning.

On and on it swept; the waiting for a conclusive, resolving chord grew almost agonizing. But that chord is still hovering over the notes, longed for, yet unspoken.

The pines sing on; the shadows grow more dense; and the fire dies unheeded. The woman is again at the window, gazing out into the starless night, with an unspoken question on her lips.

Will that minor chord ever be resolved into peace?

A Fad in Fairyland.

THE fairy queen was in a pet,
There was no doubt about it,
She stamped her wee foot on the grass,
And at her subjects pouted.

'Twas "Thistle-top, come hither now,"
And "Moonbeam, get away !
And Whirlwhiz, stop that rollicking.
I wish you wouldn't play !"

She sent for her prime-minister
To meet her in the clover,
And there she told him what it was
Her heart was broken over.

If she knew I was telling you,
She'd change me to an icicle,
So listen, and I'll whisper it—
She wished to have a bicycle !

And Mignonette the minister,
Bowed low his pluméd head—
"I'll do my best to have one made,
Your Majesty," he said.

The fay mechanics set to work
To please their queen's new passion,
They labored hard both night and day—
She must be in the fashion.

At last, one lovely moonlight night,
The "Safety" was completed,
And brought before the fairy queen,
Upon her flower-throne seated.

The elfin courtiers crowd around
To see the marvellous sight,
The cobweb spokes—the silver tire—
The glow-worm lantern bright.

The queen tripped toward it eagerly
And mounted from the ground,
When lo! a hush fell over all—
The wheels would not go round!

Now, there's a moral in this sad tale;
Remember, outward show
Is not the slightest use, unless
The commonsense will go.

By The River.

It is a cool, midsummer night.

The moonbeams play with the rippling waves
of the slowly-flowing river.

On shore the willows wave solemnly in the
lightly-blowing night wind, their leaves shining
in ghostlike fashion in the water beneath.

Reeds and rushes bend toward the water's
edge, and an appreciative caress escapes them,
as the water glides past.

Through the quietness sounds the regular
swish-swash of a paddle.

A canoe darts out from a clump of shadowy
bushes into the moonlight, the Indian who is
paddling casts a penetrating glance in every di-
rection, for he is in the enemy's land; then by
a swift movement, turns the canoe ashore
among reeds and rushes. Its other occupant,
an Indian woman, springs lightly out, and after
a few brief words of farewell, vanishes behind a
willow, and is seen no more.

The man listens attentively a moment, then
with one stroke of his paddle turns the canoe
and shoots swiftly up the stream.

Just as he is about to disappear beyond the bend of the river, an arrow is shot from behind a sheltering willow, but the archer has mistaken the swiftness of his foe, and the arrow shoots harmlessly past, a few feet in advance of the canoe.

The Indian turns and glances at the place where he left the woman, then, he too, vanishes in the darkness beyond.

The movements of the paddle are heard no more ; the moonbeams play on with the rippling waters; the breeze rustles through the quiet rushes, and from the neighboring woodlands echoes the hoot of a screech owl.

To a Violet.

VIOLET, thou art a modest flower,
Growing in my fairy bower;
Thy petals of a purple hue,
Thy heart of gold, is pure and true.

Thy stem and leaf of such a green !
As not often can be seen,
Then why dost thou thy sweet face hide—
Is it because "in a bunch" thou art tied?

The Old Willow Tree.

A SWAYING green willow grows on the banks of a narrow river. Its stately branches sweep over the water's edge, disturbing the little fish beneath. Many names are deeply graven on its trunk, some newly carved, others bearing the mark of old age.

One small thrush has built his nest among the veiling green and every returning day tries to keep pace in song with the gurgling water of a little hurried brook. Close under the willow's shadow is a forsaken grave; the inscription on the wooden cross that marks its head has long been illegible and no one has taken the trouble to renew it. Strange to say, the space about the willow is the children's favorite playground, and in summer they weave chains of buttercups and daisies to decorate the old grave. Rays of sunlight flicker through the thick netting of twigs upon their young heads, and glisten like pure gold in the rushing stream.

A Country Road.

FROM the heart of a little country town goes a grass-grown road. It is sometimes narrow and stony, sometimes smooth and wide. In the green grass by the road-side daisies and buttercups grow in great profusion, and hidden away among the blades of grass are thousands of tiny white violets, fragrant enough to repay a long search for them. A brook winds along beside the road; fickle-minded, it soon prefers the other side, and so makes little impetuous rushes back and forth across the road, under small rustic bridges. Where the road goes, small springs are often by its side, and tired people are glad to get a drink of the cold bubbling water. It climbs steep stony hills, and then descends into small fragrant valleys; it hurries by the pine woods as if afraid of the dark shadows lurking there, but by the little white church and cemetery, it goes reverently and without haste.

For a short distance it runs between a double line of elms and maples, then joins a larger and wider road going to a sea-coast village.

The Ice Palace.

(When La Grippe is Queen.)

THREE schoolgirls went flying away to the north,
Away to the north in a cable car.
On their arms hung their skates, and intent
upon fun,

No vision of woe did their happiness mar,
For girls will skate to mothers dismay
For there is little to do on a holiday,
Though La Grippe be ever calling.

Three mothers leaned out o'er their window-sill
Nor drew in their heads as the sun went down;
They shivered with cold and stiffened with dread
As they thought of their darlings far away up
town.

But girls will skate though fond mothers plead,
Though colds be sudden where La Grippe doth
lead,

And funeral bells be tolling.

Three corpses lay out on three little white beds,
And the sun shone dimly through the frosted
pane;

Three mothers are weeping and wringing their
hands

For those who will never go skating again.
For girls are wilful; and while mothers pray,
La Grippe chants ever its ominous lay,

"Goodbye to the cherished darlings!"

A Summer Shower.

It is a sultry day in June. Since early morn the sun has shone fiercely, pitilessly ; not a breath of air is stirring ; even the leaves on the topmost branches of the trees barely quiver in the burning heat. In the open fields the busy farmer is forced to leave his plough and seek refuge beneath the shade of the willows by the brook, where the cattle stand knee deep in the cool water, lazily swinging their tails to keep away the persistent flies.

Even the birds have lost their energy, and a few low chirps and twitters is all that is heard. Pale butterflies flutter languidly along the dusty road, while bumble-bees, in their heavy coats of black and gold, only glance at the fading flowers. The wild-roses hide their crumpled petals beneath the briars, and the daisies and buttercups in the long meadow-grass are drooping beneath the merciless sun.

But suddenly a little bird, perched far up in a high tree, bursts into a perfect ecstasy of song, for a great black cloud that has been slowly sailing across the heavens, is joined by others,

and the welcome drops are beginning to fall softly upon the thirsty ground. The butterflies seek shelter beneath broad leaves, and the bees nestle close in the hearts of blossoms, while the briar-roses spread their petals to catch the gentle rain-drops, and the daisies and buttercups spring up refreshed. The air is filled with the sweet fresh smell of moist earth, and in the distance is heard the clear splash of a brook as it rushes on with renewed force.

Shepherd's Sunday Song.

(From the German of L. Uhland.)

THIS is the day of the Lord !

I am alone, and I still hear

One church bell sounding ;

Though silence is far and near.

I kneel and pray in the silence.

O thought of peace ! O secret longing !

All invisible, kneeled

And prayed the wide field thronging.

In the pure sky, far and near,

A crystal shining is abroad—

As though heaven were open wide.

This is the day of the Lord !

The Class Scrap-Basket vs. the Desk Drawer.

No state library contains writings on more widely different subjects than our class scrap-basket. No Roman could have regarded the hole in the Forum with more horror than we regard that basket.

Many a rhyme, proudly called a poem by the ambitious author, has been thrown within its elastic sides.

In its depths lie "snow-storms" and "meadows, blazing under August skies," "chirping birds enliven its solitudes," and many a "Road," dusty and wheelworn, and weary of turning, finds its final rest in the scrap-basket.

Thirsty violets, forever "lifting shy heads after the rain," are blown hither and thither by the "Four Winds." "An October Day," so laden with "busy chipmunks" and bewildered with "gorgeous colors," that its escape from the awful Basket seemed impossible, at last found rest with other glorified companions in the Desk Drawer.

Here, in shelter, gloomy "wood interiors" are coquetting with "Easter Lilies," and "Tulips," with considerably less color than usual—lost, no doubt, in their frantic endeavor to escape the Basket's fatal grasp—have fallen in a limp heap, but *safe*, on the blinking eyes of the pious "Kitten."

Here, too, the "Months" rejoice to find their number complete, and, like twelve veterans, are ranged, soldier-like, side by side.

Day after day victims are thrown to the Basket, which we have named the Miniataur; but it still asks for more, and as yet no Theseus has been found willing to sacrifice himself to save his comrades.

May.

THE crocusses peep out one by one
From under the half-frozen ground
To see the world again.

Like gold upon a velvet gown
The dandelions and buttercups
Shine with drops of rain.

Frail anemonies in the wood
And lilies buried in the dale
Feel the breath of Spring.
To Dame Nature's soft robe of green
The violets blue and daisies pale
Gently, shyly cling.

The Arch of Berlin.

(From the German.)

A MAGNIFICENT archway is at the entrance of the city of Berlin. It is the Braudenburger Thor, which was built in the year 1798 by a famous architect, and is an imitation of the Propalæ in Athens.

Twelve Doric pillars, in a double column, form the five portals. The pillars are connected with one another by a heavy architrave, on which is a beautiful copper group. The group consists of Victory standing in a triumphal chariot, who looks toward the city and carries in her hand a wreath which is decorated with an iron cross, commemorative of the victories of the Prussian army in the years 1813-14. Approaching from the city one steps through the archway right into the Thurgarten.

A Valentine.

TODAY in choosing flowers to send to thee,
I saw some purple pansies, they're "for
thought."

And fragrant violets—they mean "Think of me,"
And mignonette—"Love gives itself, but is
not bought."

But oh ! thou knowest, knowest well, my love,
My sweetest thoughts will ever be of thee;
I know—alas ! thy love cannot be bought,
And 'tis but seldom that thou think'st of me.

So, with a spray of dainty maidenhair
My "mute devotion" I will tell,
With pale, sweet pinks "love at first sight."
And long indeed I've loved you well !

La Grippe.

THE society belle looks over her list of engagements longingly ; the banker reads news of the rise in stocks nervously ; the working woman looks at her empty cupboard hungrily ; the school-boy grins at his neglected pile of books maliciously ; La Grippe is triumphing over these disabled people, she has them one and all in her clutches.

In nearly every tenement and stately dwelling are suffering victims. In the stores the clerks are getting cross, and the girls are drooping. La Grippe is visiting there, too. She attacks the car-drivers, truck-men, and street-cleaners while they are at work ; she prostrates the type-writer in the midst of her copying ; she seizes the infant and holds it to her with a feverish clasp.

Every physician fights her ; men are made cowards before her ; women recoil from her. The school-boy alone prefers her torture to work in the school-room. She is another victor, and, like Alexander, ever seeks new worlds to conquer.

Wanderer's Evening Song.

(From the German of W. v. Goethe.)

OVER all the summits
Broods sweet rest,
The high dark peaks
Peace suggest.
The breezes die;
The birds are silent in the woods;
Wait awhile ! Soon in sleep
Thou, too, shalt lie.

Flower Thoughts.

THE oval morning-room, hung with flower-strewn satin, was flooded with sunshine and breezy with morning air. My lady's pet angora reposed on a blue satin cushion, a purring ball of long white fur; my lady's books were on the table, her fan half open on the floor, and her flowers were everywhere!

Low silver bowls held white and purple violets; American beauties rose in all their glory from slender vases of Bohemian glass; on the piano mid loose sheets of music rested a basket of purple orchids and lilies of the valley; and spicy carnations tinged with the faintest blush were massed in brilliant cut-glass.

"When will she come?" the orchids were saying impatiently to the lilies near them. "We haven't faded in the least and ought to be in the drawing-room where we can be properly appreciated."

"We would rather stay here," murmured the violets, looking at their imperious neighbors with soft, startled eyes, "this is *her* room, you know."

"Now, we want to be worn," the roses chimed in with fond confidence in their beauty, "we look so well with white satin and diamonds. Oh, we are sure to be worn tonight, we are more becoming than any flower in the world!"

The carnations blushed a deeper pink, and sighed among themselves. "She did say we were lovely, yesterday," one bolder than the rest announced with anxious haste, "and you violets heard her."

"We did," chorused those gentle flowers, and added in an humble whisper, "she kissed us when she read the card we brought."

"Hush!" commanded the orchids, "she is coming!"

There was a fairy-like rustle, a sigh of content, and the curtains parted to admit my lady.

"Scribbler."

THOUGH modest and humble thy chosen name
It can not hide thee from a laurelled fame.
For who has not read with a gentle delight
Thy "Flower Thoughts," dainty and pure and
white?

And who has not followed with keen desire
Thy "Drifting" lovers mid the sunset fire?
And haunting our dreams is that ideal "Face!"
How it raptures our vision! with tormenting
grace

How it baffles, eludes, our seeking eyes,
Though to possess it would mean Paradise!
When, tired of vagaries, and tenderly
Thou choosest to play "In Minor Key,"
Our hearts grow hushed, and we eagerly wait
That "resolving chord," till the hour grows
late.

In that wind-swept garden where the star-shine
glistens

And the pine trees moan, we wait and listen.
Thy genius has winged thee to lofty heights;
But ere thou passest *quite* beyond our sight,
We would bind with pride on thy golden hair
The wreathing laurel, while with loving care
We hail thee an author beyond compare!

" Lovelace."

SHE hath a merry fearless air,
A dainty wit, a laugh care-free—
Like her own metre, always true,
And full of sweet variety.

Her eyes flash fun—and then behold!
"The Organ Grinder" sounds his lay;
And "Valentines," by scores and scores,
To absent friends are sent away.

Gay fairies spring from her swift pen
To dance upon the dewy plain;
Their "fads" and customs, elfin whims,
In charming rhyme she telleth plain.

In graver moods she flings to fame
Sad tales "From Life"—a "Study" long;
Then in a wider sweep of wing,
She sings to us an "Easter" song.

Then honor give to "Lovelace!"
And twine for her the laurel.
May her life be free as "Day Dreams"
And never know a "Moral."

“ Gym.”

Wrrr gusty sighs
Her pen she plies
 And writeth busily;
Then comes a pause—
Who knows the cause
 When eyes grow soft and dreamy?
This merry lass
When all the class
 Is sad, then she is gay ;
And quickly writes
Of pretty sights,
 And schoolgirls' giggling way.

"Hayseed."

HER name savors of corn-fields
And country-stretches wide,
Where hollyhocks and pumpkins
Grow fondly side by side.
But if you think *her* country-born
You grievously mistake
For she's a city maiden,
And poetry fast can make.
"La Grippe," "A Soliloquy"
"The Opera"—then, "Just for Fun,"
She scribbles down "A Ballad."
Who can surpass her? None.

“ Puritan.”

WATCH her sitting at her desk,
Hear her sigh !
See her ply
Her pencil !
Thoughts fill
Her brain like lightning.

Many things has “ Puritan ” written
Rose-crowned “ June ;”
Following soon
Comes the “ Dude ”—
Little prude !
Then “ Two Studies,” side by side.

In our “ Chips ” you’ll find them all,
Gay and sage—
Every page
Tells of them,
But the gem
Is her “ Summer Shower.”

“Gretchen.”

“GRETCHEN” is the maiden !

**“Gretchen ” takes the prize !
Her hair is light and golden—
And such very shy blue eyes !**

**“Gretchen” writes of “Hillsides”
As the seasons change;
Of drowsy “Cosy Corners”
And willow-guarded graves.**

**She is very earnest;
Never tries to shirk,
'Cept when she stops to giggle
And quite forgets to work !**

"Grannie."

WITH wrinkled brow and careful pen
Sits our dearest Grannie
Translating, rhyming, writing prose,
With genius most uncanny.

Small "Brownies" dance across her page;
She wanders "By the River,"
And through the wards of "Old St. Luke's"
She goes with bow and quiver.

She never shirks the Rhetoric's toils,
Except when Gretchen's near her;
Then high resolves go to the winds—
But yet there's no one dearer!

"Cherub."

"CHERUB" of our Rhetoric class
Is the merriest, brightest lass.
She has eyes of brightest blue,
Tresses of the sun's bright hue.
When she sits and writes and muses
New courage through the class diffuses;
For her pieces every one
Are so beautifully done.
Of a "Summer" she did write;
Described a "Cornfields" dusty plight;
And her "East Wind's" rapid motion
Dashed to foam a stormy ocean;
Of that "Basket" treacherous,
Dreaded by every one of us—
Of all these writes our "Cherub" dear—
The Class declares she has no peer !

" Pilgrim."

FROWNS cross her brow
As o'er her desk
She bends and swiftly writes;
To write a thought
Just as she ought
She tries from morn till night.

A "Country Road"
Twixt "Meadows" green
Winds 'neath the summer sun;
And on the stair
"The Old Clock" marks
The minutes one by one.

Fair "Tulips" droop
Their gorgeous heads
As low "The Night Wind" wails;
And a tired girl
With sad "Lament"
Before her studies quails.

" Columbia."

COLUMBIA is always up to date,
A "fin de siècle" girl—
She beams with smiles for everyone,
Is nothing of a churl.

But when she heard Miss Baker say
"Original work is due,"
Her spirit sank, her face grew sad,
And she began to sue.

Most unexpected help drew near—
The measles her did worry !
When she returned, the Book was closed,
And she lost fame and glory.

“ Harvard.”

**“ HARVARD ” of the dusky eyes
Loveth well the crimson hue
At even she gazes at crimson skies
Seeking inspiration new.**

**Of “ Gardens ” green, and “ Columbia ” blue
This fair young maid did write,
Translations in German crude
She fought with all her might.**

"Trilby."

HAIR that curls—
Many twirls—
 Eyes that almost speak;
Lips so red,
Level head,
 Roses on her cheeks.

Sometimes still,
Tries with will
 Lasting fame to gain—
In our book
Her gay "Brook"
 And fragrant "Country Lane."

" Vera."

GENTLE, serene, she always appears,
And her smiles we can not quench
For only twice a week she comes
For Rhetoric and French.

On other days through "Country Roads"
And "Corn Fields" fair she wanders,
No need for her to vex her brain
Or on problems hard to ponder.

" Yale."

HAVE you heard of dear Yale of our class, of
our class ?

Have you met with this wonderful maid ?
Who sits at her desk and writes fast, and writes
fast

On subjects that have others dismayed.

She has curly brown hair and dark eyes, and
dark eyes

That sparkle with mischief and fun—
While she gazes out at the skies, at the skies
Her pieces take shape every one.

On the " Shows of New York " she doth write,
she doth write

On " Salt Meadows " and " After the Rain "
And the " Palace of Ice " all so bright, all so
bright

Where La Grippe the Perilous reigns.

"Percy Vere."

WELL art thou named, O Percy Vere !

No one can cast on thee a sneer;

For from nine till one,

Regardless of fun,

With problems dost thou *persevere*.

Onward thou goest steadily—

Admiring wonder we give to thee—

Thou art no fool,

For out of school

"Extra lessons" engageth thee.

Through multiple tasks, without commotion,

Thou daily goest, with little notion

That thy comrades sigh,

And prophesy

For thee a speedy dissolution !

Drifting.

"It is time to go home," she said lazily, letting the water ripple through her fingers as she leaned back among the cushions at one end of the canoe; and yet even as she spoke the words the witchery of the scene and hour was felt by both.

"Just wait till the sun goes down," pleaded Somebody; for he, too, loved the sea and never willingly resigned his canoe, even at night-fall. Then he took the paddle out of the water, letting it rest across his knees, regardless of immaculate ducks, and watched his fair companion while she looked at the sun, and both were content.

A pale violet changing to flaming rose flooded sea and land, even tinging the far-away mountains with a faint reflection of a greater glory, into the very midst of which drifted the small canoe with its freightage of happy youth. The sea showed not a ripple, and the sail-boats that had gone out three hours before in a merry breeze were now being rowed slowly home. Dozens of canoes were gliding swiftly homewards, or floating aimlessly through the clear silvery water tinged with the glow of the sky. Now the glass of the great light on a little island caught the rays of the fast-sinking sun, and gave them forth again, as if in answering salute to the departing

ball of fire. Even the rocks about the base of the island—seemingly there to protect the little dot of land with its precious light, from the fury of winter storms—were softened and beautified in the flood of exquisite color, ever changing to deeper hues, changing so swiftly that in another moment it would all be gone.

"I wish you could see the sun on your hair," Somebody said abruptly, but a frown and gesture silenced him as Tosti's "Goodbye to Summer," sung by a girl's voice, was wafted to them from the shadows of the rocks.

A chill grey mist, pungent with an odor of salt, was rolling in from the sea as the canoe glided up to the dock.

"I am afraid it has been 'Goodbye to Summer,'" she said regretfully as, drawing her wraps about her, she prepared to leave her nest of cushions.

"Not a bit of it," answered Somebody, holding out two big, brown hands for guidance and aid, "we'll go canoeing tomorrow, if you only will."

But "tomorrow" found the pair cozily seated before a dancing wood fire, while without the rain poured a deluge; and the two looked at each other with smiles as they listened to the booming surf breaking against the very rocks whence sounded only yesterday a girl's pathetic song.

In Minor Key.

It is a Sunday afternoon, and the rain is softly falling, as the daylight changes to dusk.

In the great cathedral the vesper-service is almost finished.

The lights burn low, and the air is heavy with incense.

The mellow voices of the priests are hushed, and silence reigns, save for the gentle tapping of the rain-drops against the deep-set windows.

Before the altar, where slender Easter lilies mingle with the gleaming tapers, the holy fathers kneel in silence.

From every niche, saints look down; and high above them all, the smiling Christ-child seems to say "Peace on earth, and good-will toward men."

Suddenly the rich, full tones of the organ peal forth, breaking the tender silence, and the clear voices of the choir boys begin the recessional hymn.

Slowly their white robes trail across the marble floor, and the sweet notes rise higher and higher, then fall lower and lower, as the singers recede into the dim distance.

As the last faint echo dies away, the people sink upon their knees, and softly murmur, "Amen."

The Organ-Grinder.

At early daybreak, from the street,
We hear—and sigh—
The touching strains of “Marguerite”
And “By and By.”

Later, at breakfast we sit down
To the dear tune,
Of “Sweet Marie” all upside down,
Then “Honeymoon.”

At school I rack my splitting brain
To write a rhyme,
Then comes the sweet, inspiring strain—
“McGinty,” out of time.

I gnash my teeth and tear my hair—
I sigh and moan—
But still I’m followed by the air
Of “Home, Sweet Home.”

When studying in the afternoon,
I stop my ears,
Up from the street still floats a time—
Oh Woe and Tears !

We march to dinner, keeping time
To "Mike McCarthy's Wake,"
A roast beef slice and "Auld Lang Syne"
In a double dose we take.

At night, when lying in my nest,
In slumber sorry,
Snatches of song float through my rest,
"Oh Annie Laurie!"

He'll follow my coffin to the ground—
That man of the evil eye—
And play, with one foot on the mound,
"Au Revoir, but not goodbye."

An Ocean Calm.

(From the German of W. v. Goethe.)

SILENCE rests upon the waters,
All pulseless lies the sea,
Anxiously the becalmed boatman
Scans the distant lea.

Not a breath of air is wafted !
Deathlike silence reigns o'er all !
On that wide and trackless ocean
Not a wave is heard to fall.

An Old Barn.

A TUMBLE-DOWN, weather-beaten old building, standing on a lonely road that wends its way through a pine wood. All around is silence ; no insects hum, and no flowers fill the air with their perfume, only the murmuring of the soft breeze, and the delicate fragrance of the pines.

The battered barn-door is partly opened, the rusty hinges refusing to swing it wide or close it securely, allows a bit of light and some of the sweet fresh air to brighten the musty interior. The broken windows are thickly covered with the dust of many a year, and an inquisitive little green vine creeping over the rough wood-work, peeps in through the cracks, but turns quickly away, so dark and dismal does it look inside. Fragile cobwebs are clinging to the walls and ceiling, and quiver slightly as a bat flutters into the quiet darkness. In the farthest corner is an ancient sleigh, the runners broken and the seat lost, while hanging on a bulky peg is a dilapidated harness that sways and rattles in a ghostly fashion with each puff of wind that

comes through the open door. The two stalls that occupy one entire side of the barn are empty; no horses stamp restlessly about or whinney softly to each other, comparing notes about the noonday meal, or the last apple given them by the farmer's little daughter.

Overhead in the loft are a few remnants of hay and straw, and one or two bags containing the mere suggestion of oats and corn, while a few lean, scrawny rats scamper over the rotten floor, nibbling at the miserable fragments, recalling regretfully, no doubt, when the whole room was strewn with new-mown hay, and great sacks of delicious grain were stacked against the walls.

The Village.

SUNLIGHT dancing on the trees,
Laughing in the summer breeze,
 Sunlight on the flowers.
Through the vines and 'neath the green
Tiny cottages scarce are seen,
 Hidden, like lovers' bowers.

Sluggishly a tiny brook
Wends its way through glen and nook,
 Where pollen-dusted bees
Busily hum from cup to cup,
Daintily sip the honey up,
 And sail off on the breeze.

In the street the children play,
Throughout the long, hot, summer day
 But quiet, in the shade,
The grandmas take their noonday nap,
The tired old hands rest in the lap,
 And weary memories fade.

A Village.

NESTLING close beside a winding river, a short distance from where it empties into the broad Atlantic, is a quaint little village. From its principal street—a long, straggling, dusty road—tiny lanes ramble forth in an uncertain manner, either to precipitate themselves into the sparkling deep-blue waters, or to get lost in some fields of waving corn, or in a patch of woodland. More often still, after many twistings and turnings, they stop abruptly in somebody's back door-yard among the nodding sun-flowers and holly-hocks. The houses are nearly all built on the same plan; slanting roofs covered with time-worn shingles; small, many-paned windows peeping out under the eaves, and wide welcoming doors open to let in the fragrance of the sweet, old-fashioned flowers that run riot over the bits of ground, enclosed by picket fences. In the large, light rooms are great fireplaces, flanked on each side by little toddy closets, and in most of the kitchens brick ovens are built into the walls, about which seem to hover the ghosts of long-since-eaten baked beans, brown bread, rich plum-puddings, and fat turkeys.

Small boys play in the dust or congregate about the watering trough, patting the horses

and splashing about like ducks, while small girls, going on some errand for their busy mothers, walk by sedately, but nevertheless glance enviously at the merry, shouting urchins. Nearly all the old men of the village have been sea-captains in the days gone by, and if any one should go down near the stores, and stand in the middle of the street, calling "Captain!" half the village would respond to the cry. Here by the stores they gather, or at the cobbler's shop, and sit with their chairs tilted comfortably back against the walls, smoking their corn-cob pipes and gossiping. But a fresh salt breeze blows from the river, and visions of delicious little tinkers being placed, so white and fat, on the supper table rise before their eyes, so putting their pipes in their pockets, they walk slowly down the path to the wharf to find their fishing lines and boats. The women sit in their neat kitchens after the work is done, and crochet as they entertain the neighbor who has just dropped in for a moment's chat; perhaps they even take her into the sacred best parlor to show the new tidy worked by the minister's daughter, or give her a taste of the fresh strawberry jam.

All through the village is an air of comfort and quiet, with the faint perfume of the lilacs in the gardens, and the rich salt breeze blowing in from the far-distant Atlantic.

The Brook.

EVER running little stream,
To destination unforeseen,
Through valley and over dale
Onward going without fail.

Moistening as it wends its way
Violets that in its path may lay;
Taking with it in its rush
Leaves and fragments of dried brush.

Over it hangs the pale blue sky,
Beneath it, the white pebbles lie;
And the tender breeze of spring
Softly back to it does sing.

The Lament.

WITH fingers holding a pen,
With eyelids ready to close,
A schoolgirl sat at her writing desk
Trying a verse to compose—
Think ! think ! think !
In gravity, silence, and dread,
And still, with a face of obvious grief,
She found no rhymes in her head.

Think ! think ! think !
Though she knows her thoughts be not wise
Yet she ponders, and dreams, and ponders
Till the stars shine in the skies,
Till the moon rides high in the heavens
And all the house grows still.
Only ghosts stir at the midnight hour
And the schoolgirl with her quill.

Write—write—write !
Till the brain begins to swim;
Write—write—write,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Verse, and sentence, and line ;
Line, and sentence, and verse ;
Till over the writing she falls asleep,
And dreams she rides in a hearse.

O, but for one short hour—
Of rest from Rhetoric's care !
But if she thinks of the country,
With pure and fragrant air;
Of daisy, or cowslip, or primrose,
She must still be striving to rhyme,
Flowers and air and breezes
In orderly metre and time.

Write—write—write !
A desperate struggle for fame,
Shall the laurel ever be hers?
Shall she ever win a name ?
A senseless rhyme—a few poor verses—
An essay—badly spoken—
Of the time she has spent in anxious thought
The pages give no token.

O, but to leave it all,
For the poets who care to write
To throw pen, ink, and Rhetoric
Forever from her sight;
For only one short hour
To feel as she used to feel,
Before she knew the woes of rhyme,
Or her need of poetic zeal.

A New York Street.

A DIRTY, roughly-paved street turns off the busy thoroughfare on which truckmen are busily loading and unloading the vessels that stand in the docks.

A little way it passes between huge factories, their tall line broken by an occasional little old-fashioned house, dating, perhaps, from colonial times, wedged in between them.

Soon small, second-hand shops begin to crowd out the taller buildings, and gradually these, too, are made to disappear before their richer brethren, whose large, plate-glass windows reveal wonderful bargains, if the huge signs so plentifully displayed may be believed.

Here in this section, the hurrying stream of passers-by seems never ending.

Above the rattle and rumble of heavy trucks, sound the car-drivers' shrill, impatient whistles and the coarse shouts of "Extra! Extra! La Gascogne gone down in mid-ocean! Extra!"

At last the street, leaving all this tumult and rumble behind, runs between parallel rows of stately, brown-stone houses that look down in

rebuke if, perchance, any rough sound break their conventional, well-bred air of repose.

But in their turn these mansions of the rich give place to high apartment houses, and the broad asphalt to rough cobble-stones again.

Soon vacant lots appear, and here and there a rambling, low-roofed house that in its day has been the center of prosperous farm-life, but now stands vacant and neglected.

Slovenly shanties, perched high on huge masses of unblasted rock, peer down on the humiliated street, their foundations proclaiming in brilliant colors to the chance passer-by that "Children Cry for Castoria," and that "Aunt Jemima is in Town."

Harlem goats are now the street's only companions, and presently, as though in wilful abhorrence of an existence so painfully poor and degrading, it abruptly flings itself into the "noble Hudson," finding in those sunny, blue waves an honorable grave.

A Country Lane.

A STRAIGHT little lane is hedged in on both sides by rows of young oak trees. In the hottest days it is cool here, and restful; for the tops of the trees shelter it from the sun's penetrating rays. On the left side of the hedge is a bit of woodland, and from its depths the merry laughter of children picking berries, mingles with the song of the brook, rushing through the underbrush. A rustic bridge stands at the end of the lane, and under it the little brook is flowing having left its woodland retreat to run its sparkling way through the sunshine. Its cool shining has attracted a weary tramp, who, carelessly treading on a bed of purple violets, is quenching his thirst with its clear waters. Throughout the day little can be heard in the warm, sweet lane save the swaying of the tree tops in the breeze and the babbling of the brook, until, at six o'clock, the distant tones of the village church-bell break in soft chiming on the scented air. As the evening approaches darkness overcomes the lane and all its little denizens, save the constant, energetic little stream, go to rest. The birds with tender twittering cuddle softly in their leaf-hidden nests, and the flowers droop sleepily beneath their burdens of dew drops. But birds and blossoms and tireless brook await confidently the dawn of a new day.

Thou Art Like Unto a Flower.

(From the German of Heine.)

THOU art like unto a flower,
Lovely, pure and sweet.
As I gaze on thee with fondness,
Sadness into my heart doth creep.

Upon thy youthful head, my hand
I would in blessing lay,
Praying that God may keep thee
As sweet as the flowers in May.

At the Opera.

THE house is packed to the very last seat in the top gallery ; it is suffocatingly hot, and the air is heavy with the perfume of violets and roses. The two glittering tiers of boxes, the orchestra seats and the galleries, hold people from almost every clime. There are débutantes, matrons, dudes, and bald-headed men. The women, with bare necks and arms, fairly glitter in rich clothes and jewels. All are chattering and laughing gaily.

Now the orchestra starts up, and the curtain rises, disclosing a scene in "The Huguenots." The audience ceases its chatter, and there is a burst of thunderous applause, for the great tenor has appeared as the hero "Raoul." His glorious, sympathetic voice rings out to the top of the house, holding every listener spell-bound. As "Valentino" comes on there is more applause. Her rich, mellow tones rise and fall, and when she has finished, all the men and half the women are in love with her.

After every scene they are called back several times, and when in the last both hero and hero-

ine are shot, and their last notes die away, the audience rave like lunatics. Women rise in their seats in the front rows and boxes, tear off their flowers and fling them at the singers, while men pound the floor with their feet and canes. The favorites appear again and again before the glare and heat of the foot-lights, until at last the heavy curtain falls. For a few seconds the audience continues its applause, and then, finding it in vain, regretfully disperse.

Broadway.

A LONG imposing street running lengthwise on the west side of New York, its wide sidewalks crowded with men and women hurrying on their several ways. Cable-cars swiftly passing by ; trades wagons of all kinds going up and down ; and, in everybody's way, stalwart men offering tiny bouquets for sale, and news-boys crying out " Daily Nooze, Sun, or Wirrld ! "

Everything and everybody on this great thoroughfare moves with evident purpose, save, perhaps, our pet English importation, the over-exquisite Dude, who, with conspicuous boutonnière, pursues his leisurely way, with attention given chiefly to the carrying of his stick.

The large stores on either side, overcrowded with people, exhibit effective displays in their huge windows. Cars stop at nearly every corner, but hardly long enough to assure the people about to get off, that they will reach the curb alive. Down town is the busiest part, while up town, from the " forties " upward, are the principal theatres, bicycle stores and academies.

In the large square where Broadway runs into the Boulevard, the colossal statue of Columbus stands. The exploring eyes look far over the surging crowd of bicyclists and pedestrians, and seem to be always on the eve of discovering other worlds—whose customs, he hopes, no doubt, will in no way resemble the customs of the bustling, non-resting crowds at his feet.

At night the bright electric lights in the stores, and on the corners of every block, give Broadway an air of busy fairy-land.

A Midsummer Day Dream.

JUST as the sun began to show his face,
I walked the meadow through,
Where filmy silver web, like finest lace,
Hung, glistening with dew.

Where flowers just awakening to the dawn
Looked up in glad surprise
To greet the blushing, fair Midsummer's morn,
The breeze from cloudless skies.

O'er the dew-mirror in a flower's cup
Hovered a tiny elf,
Watching, delighted, the sweet face which
looked up,
The image of himself.

When he beheld me, laughingly he came,
Fleet-winged, with dainty play,
Saying: "Have you a wish? I'll grant the same
On this our festal day."

Stammering, I said, "I know not what to
choose;"
He lit upon a clover,
And, dipping his tiny finger in its dew,
He brushed my eyelids over.

Quoth he, " I heard you say, once, you would
like

To see, as others see,
Yourself ; so, till the hour of midnight strike,
You will." He laughed in glee.

And ever since then I have been
Most miserable of mortals,
And ever will be, till, I ween,
I enter heavenly portals.

Souvenirs of Old Age.

(From the French of Charles Nodier.)

THE most precious privilege that Nature has accorded to man growing old, is that of reviewing with extreme facility, the impressions of childhood. At this age of repose the course of life resembles that of a brook which, in a downward slope and through a thousand windings, draws nearer to the vicinity of its source, and which, free at last from all the obstacles which have embarrassed its useless voyage, conqueror of the rocks which have broken its passage, pure from the foam of the torrents which have troubled its waters, unrolls itself and grows suddenly smooth to repeat once more, before disappearing, the first shade which it had mirrored at its origin. Seeing it thus calm and transparent, reflecting on its placid surface the same trees and the same shores, one naturally asks oneself in which direction the current flows and where it ends. A willow branch, a débris which the storm of the night before has entrusted to it, must float a moment under your eyes to make you perceive the place toward

which the current drags it. To-morrow the river which awaits it a few paces on will have carried it away with it, and it will be gone for ever.

All the intermediate years fade from the memory of old age ; the storm of passions and of hopes deceived sleep when long thoughts lead back the man, from circuit to circuit, amongst the verdure and the flowers of his laughing childhood. This delight is one of the most vivid of the soul, but it is short-lived ; and it is the only one that can cause one to envy those who have had the misfortune to live too long.

Beware of Golf.

YE sportsmen strong, I warn ye right
Leave ancient golf alone,
For men and boys when once they play,
Play till they're skin and bone,
Arrayed in "knickers" and plaid hose,
Unto the links they roam.
And then upon a small mud "tee"
They place the little ball;
And when they think they'll drive it far
They don't hit it at all.
Three hundred clubs they have to buy
To get the "proper swing;"
And then when all their money's gone
They haven't quite "the thing."
Cleck "masheys" too, they do essay
Until their hands do sting.
In groups they sit, and talk of when
They "made that hole in five,"
Or when they landed on the "green"
In just one "brassy" drive.
So, sportsmen strong, I warn ye right,
Leave ancient golf alone,
For men and boys when once they play,
Play till they're skin and bone.

A Village in Winter.

THE straggling village streets look cold and deserted, except the street where the school-house stands. Here children are snow-balling one another from behind snow forts ; but as darkness is an early visitor in winter, they soon disperse, each going to his own home. All the houses are closely curtained from the cold, but their chimneys' smoke, curling in the frosty air, tell of glorious fires and cheer within.

The sound of tinkling bells is heard in the main street, and soon a sled appears ; its occupant is the old farmer with his empty, clattering milk-cans. He whizzes through the streets and soon disappears in the field beyond.

At six o'clock the post-office in the little store is crowded with villagers and farmers—all waiting for the letters to be sorted ; and when the small sliding door is opened, they take their letters in leisurely fashion, open them slowly, read them carefully, and then communicate the good or bad news to their nearest neighbors.

In the midst of this pleasant bustle the village church-bells chime for evening services and in groups the people wend their way to the little church. A mass of sunset clouds surround the short, white steeple, and in the fading rose one silvery star shines serenely down upon the quiet, peaceful village.

The Age of Progress.

THIS age of progress and advance
I don't exactly like,
My brain is dazed with telephone,
Kinetoscope, and "bike."

Horseless vehicles haunt our streets,
While scared pedestrians flee
From cable-cars, and things which go
By electricity.

The photographic process
Was bewildering enough
Without this Roentgen man to come
With his "X rays" and stuff.

They penetrate your clothes and flesh
And bring the bones to view,
Or show coins in your pocket-book,
Piercing the leather through.

And yet this method may do good—
Perhaps some time it may
Discover the unknown points of jokes
In the papers of the day.

But these "X rays" for once will fail—
In vain their cautious pains—
When in our Fifth Avenue dude
They would photograph a brain !

Why can't they photograph our brains
To prove our wisdom deep,
And let examinations go
Eternally to sleep ?

French People

(From the French, Les Français.)

WHAT is France? A world as laughable as industrious, inhabited by men, industrious and vain; thinkers and speakers, profound and light-headed; that do not always know what they want; that run more after brilliant things than reasonable ones; that like each other well enough, and yet act as though they hated each other; that run down wickedness and yet laugh at it; that take the good part simply not to agree, for love of variety; a people naturally cheerful, but affecting graveness, without being able to carry it out in their affairs; full of faults and qualities, inconsistencies and graces; complaining in the morning and dancing at night; friends of liberty so long as it possesses no power; disinterested so long as they are not especially concerned; philosophers enough to make fun of their faults, and yet not wise enough to correct them.

The Old Clock.

**AN old clock stands in a corner
Of my grandfather's boyhood home;
The hands that placed it there are gone
And the old clock is left alone.**

**It might tell us many stories
Of those far-off other days,
Of the manners and the customs,
And the many different ways.**

**It has looked on happy childhood;
Seen youth pass to manhood's prime;
Listened to the old men's wisdom,
And marked for all the sands of time.**

**Now the old clock keeps its secrets
Standing there erect and tall,
With its broken hands extended
As if in blessing for us all.**

A September Twilight.

It is eve. The setting sun flames across the heavens. A few delicate clouds like the scattered petals of a rose, float upon the paling sea of blue. A soft autumnal breeze ripples the glistening waters of a tiny lake, sheltered by the foot-hills of a low range of mountains.

Beyond the narrow, pebbly beach, beyond the shingled and turreted cottages on the foot-hills, the woodland glows with the gorgeous tints of late September; the changing leaves shading from deepest scarlet to faintest rose; from flaming orange to palest amber, while far in the distance the mountains turn to hazy purple.

Close to the water's edge some gloomy pine-trees are sighing; their dark length mirrored in the glassy depths. Above the soft splash of waves the sweet low notes of a song, and the rhythmic sound of oars are heard and a little boat glides swiftly out of the rosy light into the silent shadows, leaving in its wake a sparkling trail of silver.

It is night. The pink glow melts into the gathering darkness. Some birds fly low across the quiet lake, and above the distant mountains shines the crescent moon.

Class Song.

OUR eyes have seen the glory of a laurel-
crownéd fame;
Its smiles have been our watchword; its beckon-
ing hand our aim;
Its brow of flashing splendor did our very
hearts inflame;
As we went scribbling on.

We have seen it in the whirlwind of a hundred
clashing doubts;—
We have knelt before its altar in our dreams—
in school and out—
And raptured with its beauty we have cried,
with song and shout,
“Our Fame is marching on!”

At the sounding of its trumpet we have grasped
the mighty pen;
And bravely we have struggled with thoughts
beyond our ken;
We have conquered Rhyme and Figure; we
have quit ourselves like men
And marched with vigor on.

All honor to our Leader whom nothing could
oppose;
Whose constant cry was "Forward!" though
our coward fears arose;
With her we won the victory; we routed all
our foes;
And marched triumphant on.

All warfare now is ended; all sounds of conflict
cease;
We furl our battle-banner in an honorable re-
lease;
With wreaths of bay and laurel we celebrate our
peace,
As we go marching on.

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But these "X rays" for once will fail—
In vain their cautious pains—
When in our Fifth Avenue dude
They would photograph a brain !

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